WEDNESDAY, JULY 16TH 1828.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, GUILDHALL, MARCH 5.

(Sittings for London after Hilary Term, before Lord TENTERDEN and a Special Jury.)

Sale of Places in the East India Company's Service.

REX v SUTTON AND OTHERS.

The above important case having been peremptorily fixed for this morning, the Court was crowded at a very early hour, chiefly with gentlemen connected with the East India Company.

The Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn (late President of the Board of Controul) occupied a seat on the Bench.

Ten Special Jurymen having answered to their names, the Solicitor-General, for the prosecution, prayed a tales, and two Jurymen from the Common Jury Panel were sworn.

The Solicitor-General, with Mr. Sergeant Bosanquet, and Messrs. Gurney and Carter, conducted the prosecution; and Mr. Brougham, Mr. F. Pollock, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Platt and Mr. Starkie, appeared on behalf of the defendants.

Mr. Carter opened the pleadings, and stated that this was an indictment against Samuel Sutton, W. Andrews, George E. Despard, James P. Anstice, C. Gibbons,—Wright, Joseph Tindall, and Charles Prescott. The first seven of those defendants were charged with unlawfully and corruptly negociating for a certain appointment under the East India Company, for a person named P. Bach; and the last defendant, Prescott, who is an East India Director, was charged with aiding and abetting the other defendants in the said negociation. Six of the defendants pleaded "Guilty" to the indictment.

Mr. Quin, as the Solicitor-General rose, said he was instructed on the part of the defendant, Mr. Austes, to withdraw his plea of Not Guilty, and to substitute Guilty.

Lord Tenterden said, it was impossible for him to permit that to be done now; an application to that effect should have been made earlier; but if the defendant chose, he might have a verdict of guilty recorded against him before the cause proceeded.

Mr. Quin in answer to his Lordship, said that he had that moment received his instructions to make the application he had done, and as it could not succeed, he would avail himself of the Learned Judge's suggestion.

A verdict of Guilty was then recorded against James Paton Austes.

The Solicitor-General then addressed the Jury as follows:—May it please your Lordship, Gentlemen of the Jury, I appear on this occasion on the part of the prosecutors against the defendants who had been named to you by the Learned Counsel. It is a prosecution at the suit of the East India Company, instituted for the purpose of detecting and bringing to punishment persons who have been guilty of a very gross act—that of selling the patronage of the East India Company. I should here state to you, that the parties stand in very different relations—the first seven being those charged with the actual guilt itself—Mr. Prescott being charged only as aiding and abetting, but not himself being a personal participator in the criminal act itself. It appears by the statement of my Learned Friend, that several of the defendants have thought proper to withdraw their plea of Not Guilty, and to submit to a judgment against them; and that one of them, even since you have been sworn, Gentlemen, has allowed a verdict to be taken against him. I have only this observation to make upon that, that the prosecutors are no parties to any agreement or understanding, or hold out any one, of using means to intercept the punishment due to the guilty. It is a matter purely for their own consideration, and they have, I suppose, thought that the evidence we have to lay before you is so strong and unanswerable, that rather than give the trouble an investigation would occasion, and perhaps a more minute disclosure, they have withdrawn their plea of not guilty and substituted the reverse. Then the only persons with whom you will have anything to do in the way of investigating their case, will be Mr. Despard, who has pleaded not guilty, and Mr. Prescott, who, as I have stated, stands charged with the inferior degree of guilt, of not being an actual participator in the original crime, but as having either aided or assisted, or connived at this act, which was performed by a person named Sutton, the principal agent. It will be my duty, Gentlemen, to lay before you, as shortly as I can, the evidence which will be brought to your attention, and I think after you have had a view of that evidence, you will be able to say, a case has been made out quite irresistable against the first seven defendants. But that, at all events, upon the observations I shall make to you, if those observations shall be justified by the evidence, you will not be able to entertain a doubt that the Directors of the East India Company would have deserted the duty reposed in them and betrayed the trust they hold of the property and conduct of this large concern entrusted to their care, if they had not investigated this question to the very bottom, and brought it before a Jury to be decided on. Gentlemen, this observation is the more necessary, because one of these defendants, Mr. Prescott, stands in the situation of a brother Director, with those who have instituted the prosecution. It became, therefore, doubly their duty—an imperious duty—from which it was impossible they could withdraw themselves, that they should bring this case in common with the rest before the Judge, as it would otherwise have been said, and I know not what answer could have been made to it, that though they were willing to prosecute those immediately guilty, yet with the case before them, with their suspicions justly excited they were desirous of throwing a shield over those who were their brothers in the Directorship, and equally guilty. It has therefore, been determined, and you will, on the evidence to be brought before you, say, whether properly or not, that this prosecution should proceed, and that Mr. Prescott, charged as he is with a knowledge of the guilt, should receive at your hands, as the evidence shall warrant, a verdict of guilty or not guilty. Gentlemen, it would appear to you in evidence that the first intimation given to the East India Company of any transactions, which at all affect the sale of the patronage in question, was as early as February 1827. But before I come to that I shall beg leave to mention a few transactions which, though they have no immediate reference to the parties on record will clear the way to the more full understanding of, and accurate decision upon the question, and introduce to your notice one of the parties that will appear before you, a prominent actor throughout. It will appear that a clergyman (the Rev. Mr. Bach) residing at Little Hampton, having read in the *Morning Herald*, in 1826. an advertisement, such as you will observe frequently to be inserted in the papers, signed by some ficticious name, or as this was by M. N., denoting that if enquiry were made at a particular place, an opportunity offered for parents of a respectable youth under the age of twenty, of a situation of the highest responsibility to go abroad, and that his outfit would require means, without which no application need be made; and the Rev Mr. Bach having a son desirous of such a situation, he wrote a letter to the ficticious address of M. N., to which he received an answer. I shall not trouble you with the correspondence on that occasion, further than it introduces to your acquaintance the name of Mr. Wright, one of the parties to this record It seems, however, that Mr. Bach being dissatisfied with the negociation, which went on to a certain extent on that occasion by a friend whom he employed in the town for the purpose having called on the parties to whom it referred entirely abandoned it. Afterwards in the month of October, in the year 1826, he had a letter addressed to him at Little Hampton, requesting him to call on Mr. Wright where he resided, at Alsop's buildings, near the Regent's Park. Mr. Bach accordingly came to town, called at the place to which he had been referred, applied not under the name of the Rev. Mr. Bach, for on these occasions there is a delicacy resorted to and he having written a letter under the name of Edwards, called under that name. He had a conversation with Mr. Wright, which turned entirely on the nature of the employment which Mr. Wright could furnish, and the price that could be required. Mr. Wright stated the nature of it was of a cadetship to India; that if it was a cavalry cadetship, the price would be 900 guineas; and an infantry one from 6 to 700 guineas. Mr. Bach, however, having been informed, in the course of the former negociation, that no price would be required, felt extremely indignant on hearing that so large a sum for the outfit would be requisite, and consequently at that time again abandoned all further negociation and went back to the country. He remained there till the latter end of January, 1827, and then, from some new circumstance in his own family arising, and still being desirous that his son should obtain such a situation, considered that he would recommence the negociation; but a thought coming across him that there was something irregular and mysterious in this mode of proceeding, he thought right at once to direct a letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, telling him all that had taken place, and asking him distinctly and openly whether this was a proper mode by which the patronage of the East India Company could be obtained. The natural consequence of such a letter was, that an officer of the Company was sent down to Mr. Bach; the Chairman, and the Deputy Chairman, they being the persons to whom this letter was communicated, thinking it right that the strictest scrutiny should be instituted, sent this officer down to the Rev. Gentleman. Without troubling you with all that took place, it appeared that for the purpose of detecting what the Company were afraid was too common—fraud in the traffic of their patronage—and that this instance if it should be sifted to the bottom, they recommended that Mr. Bach should—himself an extremely respectable man—continue the negociation, in order that they might trace the different steps of it, from those who were most distantly connected with it—that they should trace it step by step, and see whether any of the Company themselves were actors in the guilt, Now, after this step on the part the Chairman and Deputy Chairman, you must bear in mind that every succeeding step I have to relate to you, was entirely known to the Chairman and Deputy Chairman, and that nothing further was done in the course of the transaction which was not immediately communicated to the confidential advisers employed by them I shall now state to you what took place from this time down to the time at which the whole disclosure took place, and show what share each party had in the transaction The Learned Counsel then proceeded to detail the facts of the case, as they afterwards appeared in evidence.

The following witnesses were then called:—

Rev. E. Bach examined by Mr. Sergeant Bosanquet—I have resided at Little Hampton about two years. Before that I resided in various parts of the Continent, fourteen or fifeen years. Before that I lived in Devonshire where my son was born. In the autumn of 1826, my attention was attracted by an advertisement in the *Morning Herald*, relating to a good situation for a young man desirous of going abroad. In consequence of that I had an interview with Mr. Wright, at Alsop's-buildings, near the Regent's Park This is the advertisement. (It was then read from a *Morning Herald* of August 1826. I did not see Wright in my own name, but in that of Colonel Edwards. In the course of conversation. Wright mentioned the nature of the appointment, which was a cadetship to India in the Company's service 500l. if the infantry, and 800l. if in the cavalry, was to be the sum paid. Before the time I had not understood that a price was to be paid for the appointment. After I learnt the price, I broke the negociation off After that I intended to revive the negociation, circumstances having altered, my son having come of age, and entitled to some money I wrote first to the Chairman of the East India Company, as there appeared to me to be a mystery about it. I took no step to renew it till I was requested by the Chirman, who informed me that what I had been about to do was contrary to law. From that time I communicated to the Chairman the different steps I took in the negociation. I called again at Alsop's-buildings on Wright, but did not see him. I can't say that I became acquainted with Wright's hand-writting. I left a card, bearing Colonel Edward's name, at Alsop's buildings. A few day after I received this letter, bearing date the 27th April. (The hand-writing of Wright having been proved, the letter was read) Mr. Wright, in it, as he was going out of town, referred him to a friend at 63, Norton-street) I called there according to that letter, and saw Mr. Gibbons, I believe this to be his handwriting (Mr. Gibbons, on the part of Mr. Wright, appointed to meet Mr. Bach at 32, Walbrook.) I came up to town immediately, and went to Walbrook, The note is dated the 5th of March. I called at Walbrook on the 6th and 8th of March. On the 6th I saw Gibbons, and he told me the infantry would be six hundred pounds, and a cavalry cadetship nine hundred guineas. He told me the negociation was to be conducted by depositing money in the hands of bankers, or cutting bank notes in two. I think, at Walbrook. He desired me to get it properly filled up, & then return it to him. I sent it into the country, for the purpose of filling it up, and afterwards I returned it to Gibbons. He showed me two different receipts, and told me they were his acknowledgement to return the half notes, if the appointment was not got. He told me he had a young man passed, who was gone to Devonshire to take leave of his friends. I returned him the paper about the 24th of March. (Mr Gibbon's acknowledgement of the letter was here read.) I saw Mr, Gibbons again on the 12th of April. In the mean time I had returned into the country. On that day I saw him again, and I gave him half a 500l. bank note, which I obtained from the Solicitor of the East India Company. I kept the other half. He gave me a receipt for the other half (The receipt was here read: it stated that it was to be returned if the appointment did not take place) On the 14th April I met Gibbons, who shewed me a receipt from a Mr. Tindal, of having received the half of the note On the afternoon of that day I met with Gibbons and Tindal, at Lloyd's Coffee House. We had a conversation together, and one of them said that nothing could be done that day, as there were no Directors at the East India House, and that we must wait till Monday. We met on that day, but then they said it was the Easter holidays, which would prevent its going on. I met them several times after, and they made numerous excuses. One was the unsettled state of the Ministry, which prevented the President of the Board of Controul from attending to it. Some time after I paid a further sum to Gibbons; and that was on the 5th of April, 1827. I then gave Gibbons half of a 300l. note. (The receipt for the half note was then read, and also a letter written by Gibbons on the 24th of April, requiring the judgment of the money) On the 25th Gibbons introduced me to Captain Despard, at Lloyd's Coffee House. He lamented that he had not been consulted sooner, for that if he had, I should not have been detained so long in town; but that he would soon settle it- Gibbons then left me, promising to return in a quarter of an hour. I waited for him four or five hours, but he did not come. Despard went away also, but he returned alone, and asked me if Gibbons had come back? I said "No." Despard said he wondered much at it. An appointment was made to meet next day. I only met Mr. Despard next day, who told me I should not be again disappointed as he would introduce me to two very respectable merchants. He accordingly took me to an office in Great St. Helen's and introduced me to Capt. Anstice, who told me he had the half of the 300l. note in his possession some time, but that it was of no manner of use till the other half of the 300l. was also deposited. I had delivered to Gibbons the day before. Despard said, in the office, that Mr. Anstice had got most of Mr. Astell's appointments, and that it was to come from him This was said to me alone. On the 27th, the next day, Mr. Despard and myself were there again Capt. Despard told me that every thing would be completed the next day. I went to the India House with him on that day. I expressed my doubts on that day, at Captain Anstice's office, of their ability to get me the appointment. Captain Anstice said, that if it was not concluded the next morning he would be bound to forfeit 1000l, and if I wished to go out of town, if I would leave the young gentleman (my son) with him, he would take care of him. I did not disclose my real name till the negociation was finally broken off. Anstice said that the appointment had been forwarded to the House of the Directors, in Hertfordshire, but that he declined signing it till the 300l, was in Anstice's possession. He also said, that he had sent the appointment into Hertfordshire by post, and that he expected it back by post. He said also, that the Gentleman who was to give the appointment had expressed himself in very angry terms at the delay. Afterwards he said, that he had returned the half of the 500l. to Mr. Tindal, from whom he had it. I don't recollect the name of any other Director being named. On Saturday, (the 28th), I waited till the morning at Anstice's office for Mr. Andrews. After waiting some time Anstice and I went to the office of Mr. Andrews in Waterloo place, but he was not there, and of course I did not see him. On Sunday, the 29th, I saw Mr. Andrews at his own house at Brook street, Grosvenor-square. I saw Gibbons talking with Anstice at the door of Anstices house at St. John's Wood-road before we went to Brook street. Anstice told me Gibbons wanted to go with them, but he would not allow it. When we saw Andrews he said the appointment was certain, and that the gentleman who was to give it would be in town the next day. He said he would bring the appointment with him the next day to Anstice's office, and expressed his sorrow at having missed us the previous day, for that he wished to settle the business as much as I did, as his client was much in want of money. He told me to be very secret and let nothing of the business transpire. On Monday, the 30th, I went to Anstice's office and waited till four o'clock, and Mr. Andrews came at last and said that his friend who was to give the appointment would be with him that evening, and that if Mr. Anstice would call upon him on his way home to St. John's Wood, the hour of meeting next day could be fixed on. On the same day I received this note from Gibbons. (The note was here read. It expressed the writer's ignorance of what was going on, and wanting to know, as he was keeping an infantry appointment open, for which another party, was anxious) Whilst I was at Anstice's office, a note arrived from Mr. Andrews, which was opened by Stubbs. Mr. Anstice's partner, Mr. Anstice being absent. (Mr. Anstice's handwritting was here proved, and a letter from him to Mr. Bach read. It was dated from Mr. Andrew's office, and informed him, that young Mr. Bach must come alone to that place the next day, in order that every thing might be concluded.) On the following day, I sent my son to Mr, Andrew's office. Mr. Sutton and Mr Andrews came to me at the Monument Coffee-house, where I was stopping. They told me every thing was completed and that we must go to the India House, and that I must pay over the other half of the notes, that I refused to do till the young man had actually passed. They continued to press for the

cautiousness in his writings; and that one is national, a matter of words, and amply overpaid by a stream of conversation, lively, piquant, and liberal, not the less interesting for occasionally betraying an intimacy with pain, and for a high and somewhat strained tone of voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings. No man, I should guess, feels more kindly towards his fellow-creatures, or takes less credit for it. When he indulges in doubt and sarcasm, and speaks contemptuously of things in general, he does it, partly, no doubt, out of actual dissatisfaction, but more perhaps than he suspects, out of a fear of being thought weak and sensitive; which is a blind that the best men very commonly practice. Mr. Campbell professes to be hopeless and sarcastic, and takes pains all the while to set up an university.

'When I first saw this eminent person, he gave me the idea of a French Virgil. Not that he is like a Frenchman, much less the French translator of Virgil. I found him as handsome, as the Abbé Delille is said to have been ugly. But he seemed to me to embody a Frenchman's ideal notion of the Latin poet; something a little more cut and dry than I had looked for; compact and elegant, critical and acute, with a consciousness of authorship upon him; a taste over-anxious not to commit itself, and refining and diminishing nature as in a drawing-room mirror. This fancy was strengthened in the course of conversation, by his expatiating on the greatness of Racine. I think he had a volume of the French Tragedian in his hand. His skull was sharply cut and fine; with plenty, according to the phrenologists, both of the reflective and amative organs and his poetry will bear them out. For a lettered solitude, and a bridal properly got up, both according to law and luxury, commend us to the lovely "Gertrude of Wyoming." His face and person were rather on a small scale; his features regular; his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, adimple, played about his mouth, which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it, Some gentle puritan seemed to have crossed the breed, and to have left a stamp on his face, such as we often see in the female Scotch face rather than the male. But he appeared not at all grateful for this; and when his critiques and his Virgilianism were over, very unlike a puritan he talked! He seemed to spue his restrictions; and out of the natural largeness of his sympathy with things high and low, to break at once out of Delille's "Virgil" into Cotton's like a boy let loose from school. When I have the pleasure of hearing him now, I forget his Virgilianisms, and think only of the delightful companion, the unaffected philanthropist, and the creator of a beauty worth all the heroines in Racine.

'Mr. Campbell has tasted pretty sharply of the good and ill of the present state of society, and for a book-man has beheld strange sights. He witnessed a battle in Germany from the top of a convent (on which battle he has written a noble ode;) and he saw the French cavalry enter a town, wiping their bloody swords on the horses' manes. Not long ago he was in Germany again, I believe to purchase books; for in addition to his classical scholarship, & his other languages, he is a reader of German. The readers there, among whom he is popular, both for his poetry and his love of freedom, crowded about him with affectionate zeal; and they gave him, what he does not dislike, a good dinner. There is one of our writer's who has more fame than he; but not one who enjoys a fame equally wide, and without drawback. Like many of the great men in Germany, Schiller, Wieland, and others, he has not scrupled to become editor of a magazine; and his name alone has given it among all circles a recommendation of the greatest value, and such as makes it a grace to write under him.

'I remember, one day at Sydenham, Mr. Theodore Hook came in unexpectedly to dinner, and amused us very much with his talent at extempore verse. He was then a youth, tall, dark, and of a good person, with small eyes, and features more round than weak; a face that had character and humour, but no refinement. His extempore verses were really surprising. It is easy enough to extemporize in Italian—one only wonders, how in a language in which every thing conspires to render verse-making easy and it is difficult to avoid rhyming, this talent should be so much cried up—but in English it is another matter. I know but of one other person besides Mr. Hook, who can extemporize in English; and he wants the power, perhaps the confidence, to do it in public. Of course, I speak of rhyming. Extempore blank verse, with a little practice, would be found as easy in English, as rhyming is in Italian. In Mr. Hook the faculty was very unequivocal. He could not have been aware of all the visitors, still less of the subject of conversation when he came in, and he talked his full share till called upon; yet he ran his jokes and his verses upon us all in the easiest manner, saying something characteristic of every body, or avoiding it with a pun, and introducing so agreeably a piece of village scandal upon which the party had been rallying Mr. Campbell, that the poet, though not unjealous of his dignity, was perhaps most pleased of us all. Mr. Hook afterwards sat down to the piano-forte, and enlarging upon this subject, made an extempore parody of a modern opera, introducing sailors and their clap-traps, rustics &c. and making the poet and his supposd flame the hero and heroine. He parodied music as well as words, giving us the most received cadences and flourishes, and calling to mind (not without some hazard to his fillial duties) the common-places of the pastoral songs and duets of the last half century; so that if Mr. Dignum, the Damon of Vauxhall, had been present, he would have doubted whether to take it as an affront or a compliment.

'I have since been unable to help wishing, perhaps not very wisely, that Mr. Campbell would be a little less careful and fastidious in what he did for the public; for, after all, an author may reasonably be supposed to do best that which he is most inclined to do. It is our business to be grateful for what a poet sets before us, rather than to be wishing that his peaches were nectarines, or his Falernian, Champagne. Mr. Campbell, as an author, is all for refinement and classicality, not however without a great deal of pathos and luxurious fancy. His merry *jongleur*, Mr. Hook, has as little propensity, perhaps as can be imagined, to any of these niceties: yet I confess, from the mere pleasure of the recollection of the evening I passed with him, I have been unable to repress a wish, as little wise as the other; to wit, that he had stuck to his humours and farces, for which he had real talent, instead of writing politics.'

We must add part of the notice of Mr. Mathews:

'Among the visitors at Sydenham, was Mr. Mathews the comedian. I have had the pleasure of seeing him there more than once, and of witnessing his imitations, which, admirable as they are on the stage, are still more so in a private room. Once and away his wife used to come with him, with her handsome eyes; and charitably make tea for us. The other day I had the pleasure of seeing them at their own table; and I thought that while Time, with unusual courtesy, had spared the sweet countenance of the one, he had given more force and interest to that of the other in the very ploughing of it up. Strong lines have been cut, and the face has stood them well. I have seldom been more surprised than in coming close to Mr. Mathews on that occasion, and in seeing the bust that he has in his Gallery of his friend Mr. Liston. Some of these comic actors, like comic writers, are as unfarcical as can be imagined in their interior. The taste for humour comes to them by the force of contrast. The last time I had seen Mr. Mathews, his face appeared to me insignificant to what it was them. On the former occasion, he looked like an irritable indoor pet: on the latter, he seemed to have been grappling with the world, and to have got vigour by it. His face had looked out upon the Atlantic, and said to the old waves, "Buffet on; I have seen trouble as well as you." The paralytic affection, or whatever it was, that twisted his mouth when young, had formerly appeared to be master of his face, and given it a character of indecision and alarm. It now seemed a minor thing; a twist in a piece of old oak. And what a bust was Mr. Liston's! The mouth and chin, with the throat under it, hung like an old bag; but the upper part of the head is as fine as possible: there is a speculation, a look-out, and even an elevation of character in it, as unlike the Liston on the stage, as Lear is to King Pippin. One might imagine Laberius to have had such a face.

'The reasons why Mr. Mathew's imitations are still better in private than in public are, that he is more at his ease personally, more secure of his audience, ("fit though few,") and able to interest them with traits of private character, which could not be introduced on the stage. He gives, for instance, to persons who he thinks will take it rightly, a picture of the manners and conversation of Sir Walter Scott, highly creditable to that celebrated person, and calculated to add regard to admiration. His commonest imitations are not superficial. Something of the mind and character of the individual is always insinuated, often with a dramatic dressing, and plenty of sauce piquante. At Sydenham he used to give us a dialogue among the actors, each of whom found fault with another for some defect or excess of his own,—Kemble objecting to stiffness, Munden to grimace, and so on. His representation of Incledon was extraordinary; his nose seemed actually to become aquiline. It is a pity I cannot put upon paper, as represented by Mr. Mathews, the singular gabblings of that actor, the lax and sailorlike twist of mind, with which every thing hung upon him; and his profane pieties in quoting the Bible; for which, and swearing, he seemed to have an equal reverence. He appeared to be charitable to every body but Mr. Braham. He would be described as saying to his friend Holman, for instance, "My dear George, don't be abusive, George;—don't insult,—don't be indecent, by G—d! You should take the beam out of your own eye,—what the devil is it? you know, in the Bible; something" (the *a* very broad) "about *a* beam, my dear George! and—and—and—*a* mote:—you'll find it *any* part of the Bible; yes, George, my dear boy, the Bible, by G—d; (and then with real fervour and reverence) "the Holy Scripture, G—d d—me!" He swore as dreadfully as a devout knight-errant. Braham, whose trumpet blew down his wooden-walls, he could not endure. He is represented as saying one day, with a strange mixture of imagination and matter-of-fact, that "he only wished his beloved master, Mr. Jackson, could come down from Heaven, and take the Exeter chage to London, to hear that d—d Jew!" As Mr. Hook made his extempore verses on us, so Mr. Mathews one day gave an extempore imitation of us all round, with the exception of a fierce young critic, who happened to be present, and in whose appearance and manner he pronounced that there was no handle for mimicry. This may have been intended as a politeness towards a comparative stranger, perhaps as a piece of policy; and the laughter was not missed by it. At all events, the critic was both good-humoured and self satisfied enough to have borne the mimicry; and no harm would have come of it. One morning, after stopping all night, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a mery bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest might, for aught I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of the existence of a boy, with a dirty face, could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating, then the cries of the child were subbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and at, intervals, out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the child being petied, I Ventured to speak about it, & was laughing & sympathizing in perfect good faith, when Mr. Mathews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he. The same morning he gave us his immortal imitation of the old Tate Wilkinson, patentee of the York Theatre. Tate had been a little too merry in his youth, and was very melancholy in old age. He had a wandering mind and a decrepid body; and being manager of a theatre, a husband, and a rat-catcher, he would speak, in his wanderings, "variety of wretchedness." He would interweave, for instance, all at once, the subjects of a new engagement at his theatre, the rats, a veal-pie, Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Tate and the doctor. I do not pretend to give a specimen: Mr. Mathews alone can do it.'

[*The Athenæum*]

Newspaper Chat.

The *Dublin Evening Post* contains the following:—"Extract of a letter from London.—The alarming state of a certain Illustrious Personage's health has been one of the principal topics of conversation in the city during the last few days, Looking to the newspapers you would be led to imagine that all was right; but such is not the fact, nor anything like it. It is certain that the Illustrious Patient now suffers under a general dropsy—of this the swellings in the legs and the inability to stand upright, are the only symptoms which have been made publicly known; but they afford sufficient evidence as to the existence of the disease. Indeed, I believe a swelling, or technically speaking, an *œdema* of the lower extremities, is regarded by physicians as a fatal symptom of confirmed dropsy. It is hinted, too, that the dropsy has extended to the chest, and that the difficulty of breathing, which is characteristic of *hydrothorax*, is already observable. It was of dropsy in the chest the late Duke of York died, and the disease is stated, by medical men, to be hereditary in some families. It is rather remarkable that no bulletin have been issued by the physicians in attendance, although the public anxiety on the subject is exceedingly great."—[We are authorised to give the most unqualified contradiction to the rumour of his Majesty's indisposition.]—*Standard.*

Lord Albert Conyngham, second son of the Marquis Conyngham, is appointed Secretary of Legation, under Lord Burghersh, at Florence.

A late Ukase of the Emperor of Russia holds out to foreign artisans and manufacturers some important additional privileges, as inducements to transfer their capital and industry to that country.

The increase in the consumption of gin alone, has within the last year risin from twelve to twenty-four millions of gallons.

One of Mr. Peel's intended measures, it is said, is the removal of the Queen square police office to Lambeth.

On Monday night the clock of Islington church was, for the first time, illuminated, exactly as the clock struck seven, when the bells pealed merrily, and the people gave repeated cheers. The expense has been defrayed by subscription, and the light will be supplied for one year without any charge, by the Imperial Gas Light Company. The scaffolding was furnished by one gentleman, the covering of the forms by another; and the lights and candlesticks by a third. The dial is larger than the dials of Whitechapel and St. Giles's by two feet and a half. The illuminated part is eight feet in diameter.

Mr. Gourlay.—We see it erroneously stated in some of the papers that Mr. Gourlay, notwithstanding his having given bail, is still confined in the Coldbath fields Prison. The fact is that Mr. Gourlay was discharged from that prison last Saturday forthnight, and has, we understand, since left town for Scotland.—*Evening Paper.*

The amount of duty or tax on foreign wheat admitted for home consumption from the 1st of July 1827, to the 31st of January 1828, was up wards of 600,000*l.*

The "Incorporeal Being."—We are led to believe that toe invisible' being referred to by Mr. Duncombe on Thursday evening, has suddenly removed himself to Hanover, to make *professional* inquiry into a fact of a peculiarly delicate nature.—*Times Feb.* 25. We have heard it mentioned that Sir Wm. Knighton has taken his departure for the Continent. It is whispered that Sir William knows all about the late changes, and that he could, if he were called upon, explain what neither Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Herries, nor Mr. Anybodyelse, have explained—*Morning Herald.* In consequence of the serious indisposition of the Duke of Cambridge, Sir William Knighton lately left town, for the purpose of inquiring into the state of his Royal Highness's health, for the information of his Majesty.—*Morning Post.* Letters have been received in town from the Duke of Cambridge, at Hanover, dated the 15th instant, at which time his Royal Highness, we are happy to state, was in the enjoyment of excellent health.—*Morning Chronicle Feb.* 27.

The marriage and departure of the Princess Feodore from the country, is said to be a great loss to the poor in the neighbourhood of Kensington Palace, to whom the Princess has been very charitable, being in great part supplied with funds for that purpose by her uncle Prince Leopold.

It is very generally reported that Speaker will be called to the House of Lords at Easter and consequently, after the recess, the House of Commons will have to choose his successor.

Preparations are making at St. James's Palace for the reception of his Majesty, who is expected to arrive there to-morrow.

Lord Rivers having come to a complete understanding with the proprietors of Cranburn Chase, a bill for its enfranchisement is now before Parliament.

The whole of the valuable property stolen from the Ledbury Bank has been recovered. The negociation with the thieves was effected in London, and they returned the various securities uninjured—*Worcester Journal.*

The late Magravine of Anspach has, with exception of a provision for her servants, and some other trifling bequests, left the whole of her property in England to her eldest surviving son, the Hon. R. K. Craven; and her villas at Naples to her third son.

Some time ago an action was brought against Solomon Caradus, for trespassing in Levens Park. Carradus allowed judgment to by default, and the damages were assessed at *one farthing*; but the expenses amounted to 13*l.*; and for this *serious* offence he has now lain in the gaol of Appleby for twenty-six weeks!!!—*Kendal Chronicle.*

The Duke of Clarence has resolved to call in for service on foreign stations, the medical gentlemen of the Navy who have been least employed since their last promotion:—*Stirling Journal.*

The utmost exertions were made by Treasury Circulars to get an attendence of Members on Tuesday night in opposition to Lord John Russell's motion. The opposition was made, in fact, quite a ministerial point. It is this which makes the triumph a striking one.—*Globe.*

The Heralds have it it said, declined taking the site originally appropriated to them for a new college, among the improvements in the Park.

Mr. Clarke, the King's Counsel, has been appointed the new Welch Judge.

An advertisement appears in the Canada papars last received for 5000 Irish labourers, who are wanted to work on the Pennsylvania canal.

Country Bankers.—A Bristol paper states that Government has promised the London Committee of Country Bankers, that a Bill shall be introduced into Parliament to place them on an equality with the Bank of England in regard to bill-stamps, by allowing them to compound yearly for their issues. In regard to their other grievances, Government professed to see no remedy but the putting down of the Branch Banks of the Bank of England; a measure it could not think of adopting, after the encouragement it had held out to the Bank to establish them.

General Jackson has visited the scene of his military exploits at New Orleans, where his reception has been of the most enthusiastic description—scarcely inferior to that with which La Fayette was honoured during his late visit to the United States.

An elopement took place from Loughborough a few days ago. The young lady, only fifteen years of age, is the daughter of a respectable inhabitant, and the gay Lothario a widower with three children, lately belonging to a company of comedians. They had proceeded by coach as far as Kilworth, when they were overtaken by the young lady's brother, and a regular fight and rescue ensued.

The following *Life of Lord Byron* by Thomas Moore, has been purchased by Mr. Murray the bookseller for 4000 guineas, the half of which goes to repay the sum advanced to Moore by Messrs Longman at the time when he consented to the destruction of Lord Byron's *Autobiography*, which had been given him by the Noble Poet, and upon which Mr. Murray had previously advanced him 2000 guineas. The reason that Mr. Murray has the preference in regard to this *Life*, is that he possesses a great number of Lord Byron's papers and letters, which part of the bargain he placed in the hands of Mr. Moore, and which will form an important part of the *Matériel* for the biography.

The "Minor United Service Club" have purchased the large club house at present occupied by the "Major United Service," in Regent street, who will remove hereafter to the spacious building erecting on part of the site of Carlton Palace.

A bill is about to be brought into Parliament, authorizing the holding of eight sessions in the year within the city of Westminster, instead of four.

Mr Canning's Monument.—It is understood that the Sub-Committee propose to erect a Monument in Westminster Abbey, consisting of a single figure, of the size of life. Mr. Chantrey's beautiful bust in the possession of Lord Seaford will, most probably, be the model for the same artist. The Committee also propose to recommend the erection of a bronze statue of colossal size, in the vicinity of the Houses of Parliament the scenes of Canning's triumphs.

☞ *See Thisd Sheet.*

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overwhelmed him although he certainly had betrayed no symptoms of a wound during her presence. Coffee having been announced, Sir Mark, encouraged by the kindness of the ladies when he joined them, animated by the wine he had swallowed, most gallantly proposed a stroll through the grounds, so soon as the regale should be concluded.

Little did the worthy baronet surmise, that Mrs. Crosby would rather have died outwright than venture on turf after two o'clock in the day. Little did he imagine the importance of a request to "go out and take a little walk," when he made the suggestion: however, if he had been really plotting and manœuvering the thing could not have turned out better; for Mrs. Crosby, who had no more delicacy than a kitchen-maid, feeling and understanding that all the dull proceedings of this to *her*, doubly dull day, were gotten up to forward a match between two particular individuals of the party, thought the more rapidly the matter was brought about, by giving the *young* people an opportunity to talk to each other, the better; replied to the proposition of the baronet, as far she herself was concerned, in the negative; but added, that Caroline would be charmed to shew him the new walk, which had been just cut through the shrubberies, and the new piece of water, and the boat-house, and the root-house, and the hermitage, and all the other beauties of the place.

Sir Mark cast a hesitating look towards the smiling girl, who instantly agreed to the arrangement, and quitted the drawing-room to make preparations.

"Cork soles, my dear," cried Mrs. Crosby, "clogs---a tippet---don't forget your shawl."

Which exclamation had nearly awakened Mr. Crosby from a profound sleep, into which he had fallen, from having been recommended by his lady to take thirty drops of laudanum in a cup of penny-coal tea after dinner, to set his stomach to rights. Davis, by some accident, had doubled the dose, but to save trouble, let it go as it was.

In a few moments Caroline appeared ready equipped for the ramble. As she approached, Sir Mark felt a sort of nervous apprehension, and would have given twenty guineas, rather than undertake the progress *tete a tete*.—He looked wistfully at Mrs. Crosby, in whom he felt he had an advocate, and thought to himself, if *she* had been of the party he would have had some support; for he knew the weakness of his social powers in female society, and was perfectly conscious of his inability to keep up that conversational corronella, which if one of the players be a bungler, so often falls to the ground, that the proficient at last thinks it hardly worth taking up a gain.

Off they went, however, and Caroline walked by his side along the broad gravel walk, which leads strait from the terrace at the back of Crosby House, with her eyes cast down, and her ears open, to catch the sound of his voice.—Two hundred yards had elapsed and not a syllable.

"Hem," said Sir Mark

Caroline looked at her companion---

"A very pleasant young gentleman, Captain Morley, Miss Crosby," said Sir Mark.

He had better have said anything else.

"Yes, he is, indeed," said Caroline.

"He is going to be married," said Sir Mark.

"Yes, and I hope he will be happy," said Caroline.

"I hope so too," said Sir Mark.

A silence, awful in the extreme, followed this little burst, and they walked on, Caroline's eyes being, I am afraid, filled with tears. However, her bonnet, then the fashion, hid the sparkling orbs from the observation of Sir Mark, and without any further attempt at conversation they reached the hermitage.

"This is the hermitage, I suppose," said Sir Mark.

"Yes, it was built from a design of my cousin Williams's," said Caroline.

"Will you like to rest in it a little?" said the baronet with an air of gallantry.

"If you please," said Caroline; and she sat down on the bench where she sat with Morley on that evening when their hearts spoke to each other, and their souls communed together—Where her thoughts were, who can doubt?—A sudden chill ran through her whole body, and as suddenly the blood rushed to her cheeks; she could not have answered had she been spoken to, and she trembled lest her companion should address her.—A word at the moment would have overcome her; but he was silent, and she turned from him, and leaning on her hand, gazed through one of the rustic windows, which opened on the lake. Her heart beat, and her pulse throbbed, and her vivid imagination was filled with a bright and beautiful vision of love and happiness, never now to be realized by her.

After a long pause, Sir Mark Terrington said,

"Are you fond of dogs, Miss Crosby?"

To attempt a description of Caroline's feelings at this moment is perfectly impossible; the effect however may be conceived when I say, that in the midst of her heart-rending grief—in the midst of the ten thousand conflicting passions which were agitating and torturing her, the absolute absurdity and inanity of such a question, put under such circumstances, struck her so forcibly, that she burst into an hysterical fit of laughter, so unequivocally contemptuous, that any body, other than the worthy baronet actually engaged in the affair, would have observed the sensation he had created, and beat a retreat in double quick time. Not so Sir Mark; he was, although perhaps somewhat startled at the violence of Miss Crosby's mirth, rather gratified than otherwise at having so successfully excited her feelings, and followed up his effective question with another.

"No! but are you though?"

"Very fond indeed, Sir Mark," said Caroline, struggling to correct and check herself, now very nearly bursting into tears at the same moment.

"Why, do *you* know," said the baronet, "I like dogs, because I have always observed that they are faithful and constant in their attachments, Miss Crosby."

And here Caroline felt, that strange as was the mode which he had adopted, the lover was now coming forward; and that having oddly enough brought the conversation to the opposite topics of attachment and constancy, he would draw the thread a little farther, and touch upon the interesting subject which the "old people" evidently intended him to agitate during the walk, so inartificially gotten up; and which, it must be confessed, the younger person of the two thought inevitable under all the circumstances of the case.

Caroline's heart beat faster and stronger; she felt she would give the world, that he should not say a word about his feelings just then; at a time, and in a place, which recalled so powerfully the recollection of her dear William. Her head was still averted; she heard Sir Mark sigh deeply.—The critical moment had evidently arrived.

"I once,—" said Sir Mark, and he hesitated and sighed again—"I once, Miss Crosby, knew what it was——"

Mr. Caroline held her breath, and pressed her lips close together, in an agony of dread and expectation.

"—To have a very large dog: he was of the true Newfoundland breed, black, with a white patch upon his breast; he would dive after anything which I threw into the water. I used to call him Pompey, Miss; but he was stolen from me, and as I have often said to myself when I have been alone and thinking a good deal, the worst of having that sort of pet is, that it gives one so much pain to lose it—one misses it when it is first gone, just like a wife, or a child, or anything else one has got used to—I remember a droll gentleman of my acquaintance, who made a very ingenious jest upon my Pompey. He asked me what I thought my dog was worth, and I said I would not sell him for any money; but as for his worth, I added, it might be all fancy, and a thing in the market was only worth what it would fetch; to which he replied, 'then your dog is invaluable, for he will fetch any thing you send him for.'"

Had nature unkindly desired that we should think aloud, here, I verily believe would have terminated the acquaintance of Sir Mark Terrington and Miss Caroline Crosby; for (such is the anomalous construction of a woman's mind,) the contempt she felt for his puerile disappointment of her expectations, for the fulfilment of which she had rallied all her energies, by far exceeded in force and power any gratification she experienced at the temporary reprieve from a declaration.

She, however, little knew Sir Mark—he had as much idea of coming to the point during *that* walk, as he had of discovering the longitude: to make a proposal, on a first *tête à tête*, appeared to him the very *acme* of indiscretion, rudeness, and precipitancy; and there, might Caroline have sat until this very moment, with the bright moon shining on her white forehead, and the fresh breeze sporting with her jetty curls; and for all Sir Mark did or intended to do, she might have sat there till Doomsday, had not Davis, who had been sent in quest of her young lady, with an additional cloak and clogs, served the *lovers* as Saint Patrick served the Irish Snakes and toads, and awakened them to a sense of their situation."

What Davis anticipated to find that situation, I cannot pretend to surmise, but her approach towards the hermitage was announced by two or three of those gentle inartificial coughs, which do not result from cold, but which serve as signals upon various occasions under the direction of females educated in certain schools, and versed in certain arts and sciences.

Not a syllable had escaped the lips of either of the *young* people for nearly ten minutes after the dog story, not for ten minutes previous to the very seasonable arrival of the soubrette—the last word which had been spoken dropped from Caroline, who had said, "yes, very," in answer to an observation of Sir Mark's, that the moon was very bright;"—and it must be observed that when Davis entered the hermitage, and saw the perfect placidity of the scene, and how remotely distant from each other the enamoured pair were placed, she seemed, if not disappointed at the appearance of things, at least mortified at the waste of breath which she had expended upon the various announcements of her proximity and approach.

"I have brought your cloak and clogs, Miss Caroline," said she—"your mamma thought you were staying out too late."

Caroline thought so too.

"I hope, Miss Caroline," said the baronet, "your papa won't think that I kept you out—I thought you had better have gone in, a long time ago, but I did not like to hurry you."

"Oh," said Caroline, "you know how careful we are here, of each other's health—I am quite ready, Sir Mark."

And accordingly, having enveloped herself in the proffered mantle, she waited to see whether her professed lover, like the glow-worm, might not shine a little more as it grew darker, and to ascertain whether he would offer her his arm; but she waited in vain—he seemed satisfied that upon such a liberty he could not yet presume, and he walked quietly beside her, Davis closely following.

"There is a great deal of dew falling this evening," said Sir Mark.

"Yes," answered Caroline.

"How beautiful a dew-drop looks when the sun shines on it in a morning," said Sir Mark.

"Very," said Caroline.

Mrs. Davis was again affected with a slight cough.

"I suppose your papa does not walk out much, Miss Caroline," said Sir Mark.

"Very seldom," said Caroline.

"I should think it must be very dull for him, being so much confined as he is, with nobody here but yourselves," said Sir Mark.

Davis's cough was worse than ever, and Caroline was a good deal puzzled how to reply to the observation, because the only answer she could possibly give, would inevitably produce, even from Sir Mark, a little bit of flattery—a pause, therefore, ensued.

"I hope," said Sir Mark, after a lapse of an hundred yards, "I shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, and yourself at Stamfordleigh before the autumn sets in, for it looks best in summer, indeed, I have often observed, that the country is never seen to advantage in the winter?"

Before the autumn sets in—thought Caroline, what *can* he mean?

"The leaves are a great advantage to trees," said Sir Mark; and the foliage about the house at Stamfordleigh is particularly advantageous, because it shuts out the view of the offices: and I should like *you* to see it looking its best."

"You are very kind, Sir Mark," said Caroline; "I shall be most happy to accompany my father and Mrs. Crosby, whenever they go to you."

"You are very good, Miss Caroline," said Sir Mark: "I hope I shall be able to make it pleasant to you. I will ask two or three friends of mine to meet you, for it would be very dull with only our own party."

Mrs. Davis was again troubled with a cough, and how many more relapses she might have had in the course of the conversation, it is impossible for me to surmise. had not the party at this juncture regained the house, into which no sooner had they entered, than Caroline bounded up stairs to her room to divest herself of her wrapping up, and take the same opportunity of unfolding her mind to Davis as to the merits of her swain.

There can be little doubt of the nature of her details; but she had sufficient quickness to perceive, that although shy, dull, and matter-of-fact in the extreme, there was a compensating goodness of heart and kindly feeling in his composition and character; and having, as she has before told us, made up her mind that she could never love again, she felt, however much inclined to laugh at the *mauvaise honte* of her admirer, that his virtues were sufficient to secure her esteem, even though his merits were not equal to the excitement of her admiration. In short, to all the inclination she felt of quitting the solitude of Crosby Hall, of the dullness of which Sir Mark himself had, with more candour than civility, declared to her his perfect conviction, she added the influential advice of Morley, and determined to make herself agreeable to a man, from whom she was assured she should meet with kindness and affection, and whose marriage with her, was an object desirable to her cousin William.

Davis, who had her cue, employed all her art in improving upon this disposition, and although her natural love of the ridiculous and quickness in the perception of it, promted those little expressions of mirth at the *naturalness* of Sir Mark's conduct and conversations, she took the same ground as her young mistress, and even ventured to improve upon her views of the subject, by hinting, that as society was constituted, a very wise husband was not a very desirable thing; and that, at all events, to be conscious of a superiority could not be disagreeable, inasmuch as the power of domination is every where desirable: so that assailed from some quarters, flattered in others, advised in several, and encouraged in the affair in all, Caroline was to his.

"——virtues very kind,
And to his faults a little blind:"

which disposition induced a determination on her part to become Lady Terrington, as soon as she might be duly summoned to surrender.

In the meanwhile, Sir Mark had fixed old Crosby in a *tête à tête*—Mrs. Crosby having retired, in order, as it should seem, that their conversation might not be interrupted; for as Caroline was passing along the lobby, to descend to the drawing-room, she was called by her mother-in-law into *her* boudoir, and requested not to go down, until they were inquired for, by Mr. Crosby.

"Well, Sir Mark," said Crosby—"how did you like your walk?"

"It was quite delightful, Sir," said Sir Mark.

"You were in no hurry to come back," said Crosby—"good sign, Sir Mark."

"Yes, Sir," said Sir Mark—"I told Miss Caroline I hoped you would not think I kept her out."

"But I think you *did*," said Crosby, "and I hope you *did*—how did she take it?"

"What, Sir!"———said Sir Mark, with a look of perfect amazement.

"Why, I suppose you proposed,"—said Crosby.

"Proposed!" echoed the baronet.

"Aye, to be sure!" said Crosby, "no time for popping like moonlight; with the dear creature hanging on your arm—and the——"

"——I do assure you, Sir," interrupted Sir Mark, looking terrified at the implied accusation—"upon my honour, Sir,—Miss Crosby never took *my* arm."

"The deuce she didn't!" said Crosby—"Why, did she refuse your offer of it?"

"Dear Mr. Crosby," said Sir Mark, "I never made such an offer. You know I never had the pleasure of being left alone in that way with Miss Crosby before, and——"

"But, my dear friend," said Crosby, who was terrified lest his daughter should be disgusted with the awkwardness of her suitor's approaches, "what on earth did you take that walk for?"

"Why, Sir, to look at all the water you have made lately," said Sir Mark.

"To look at the water!" exclaimed Crosby: "Why you dont mean seriously to say, my dear Sir Mark, that you did not pop—I am sure you did—come, be plain, how did she receive your suggestion?"

"I made no suggestions, Sir, at all," said the baronet, "except that I thought Miss Caroline had better not walk upon the grass while there was so much dew falling; indeed, if you desire it, Sir, I have no objection to repeat every word that passed."

"But, my dear friend," interrupted Crosby, "I—really hardly know what to say upon the subject; except to observe, that your visit to-day being made expressly as a commencement of that particular connection, that establishment of which you seem so earnestly to wish? and that Caroline herself being apprized of your views and ulterior object, she, perhaps, may feel that your total evasion of the subject——"

"Dear me, Mr. Crosby," said Sir Mark—"I do assure you, if I had thought it right to say anything to the point, I should have done it; for as I very often think to myself, unless a man begins, he never can go on; and I need hardly add, the case holds good in love as well as in anything else."

"Why, then, my dear friend," said Crosby, "did'nt you practice as you preach?—My girl is full of vivacity and intelligence; and as perhaps you have heard the proverb of "Faint heart—why I—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Sir Mark, "what is the proverb you refer to, Sir?"

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, Sir Mark!" said Crosby, half vexed at the immovability of his intended son-in-law.

"Oh, I beg pardon," said the baronet, without moving a muscle—"I see—I have heard that before—go on, Sir."

"Faith I have little further to go," said the old gentleman, "I must just ring for my infusion of tamarinds, for I feel my throat huskey, and my hands hot. All I mean to say is, Sir Mark, that as you and I perfectly agree in our views respecting my daughter, I wish you had taken some means of ascertaining personally, whether she is willing to receive your attentions in that charater, which you have requested my permission to assume."

At this juncture, a servant arriving was dispatched for the infusion; a circumstance which gave Sir Mark an opportunity of collecting his scattered intellects. Still, however, the conversation was not resumed until the said infusion made its appearance, and had been swallowed; when, just as the man was quitting the room, Sir Mark exerting himself, called to him in an audible voice, to know whether his carriage had arrived. Upon being informed that it had, the agitated, yet excellent baronet, jumped up, as if taking advantage of the temporary presence of the butler to make an effort; seized the hand which Mr. Crosby had doomed to a fit of the gout with great fervour, and in a tone of something like feeling, said emphatically—"God bless you, Sir,—good evening—you shall hear from me to-morrow."

Crosby essayed to get up,—endeavoured to speak, but his astonishment at his companion's abruptness, and a slight touch of imaginary rheumatism in his hip, prevented his succeeding, until his eyes beheld Sir Mark quit the apartment in double quick time; the butler, who had been holding the door, closing it upon his retreat, and shutting out of the sight of his intended father-in-law, the head of the House of Terrington.

INDIAN STAMP ACT.

Public attention has been forcibly called to this subject by an able pamphlet published here, but written in India, and attributed to a gentleman of high talents and influence there. Both the subject and the manner in which it is treated recal to our recollection the days of Franklin and the proximate cause of American independence.

To assist in defraying the expenses of the unnecessary and costly Burmese war, a Stamp Duty has been imposed in our East Indian possessions. The opposition of the British residents to it seems to spring from a rooted antipathy to this species of taxation. They deem it unsuited to the country and their habits of conducting business; contrary to custom, the Government having never before assumed the right of imposing this species of tax within the jurisdiction of the English Law Courts; illegal, no power to impose having been granted by the British Legislature. The only mention of "taxes" occurs in a long Act of Parliament, where in the writer, tired of repetition, uses the words "customs or other taxes," evidently considering the words synony-

SECOND SHEET] THE BOMBAY GAZTETE. [SECOND SHEET.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16TH 1828.

(Continued from the Gazette.)

Three Month's Leave of Absence, from the 10th May, to Captain Creighton, 11th Dragoons, to remain at the Presidency on urgent private affairs.

17th May, 1828.—Granting an extension of One Month's Leave of Absence to Lieutenant Donnithorne, 44th Regiment, to remain at the Presidency on Medical Certificate.

The leave of absence granted by His Excellency Lieutenant General Sir T. Bradford, to Lieutenant Hamilton, His Majesty's 41st Foot, to proceed to England from Bombay, on Medical Certificate, and to be absent on that account for Two Years from date of embarkation, is confirmed.

Lieutenant Colonel Kelly's Depôt Order of the 13th ultimo, appointing Corporal Thomas Adams, 38th Regiment, Depot Orderly Corporal from the above date, is confirmed.

The undermentioned Officers have Leave of Absence:

13th Light Infantry.—Lieutenant Moorehouse, from 12th June to 1st October next, with permission to proceed to the Presidency on private affairs.

41th Foot.—Ensign Pennington, from 20th June to 19th October, ditto ditto ditto.

47th Foot.—Ensign Clarke, from 9th May to 8th June, ditto ditto ditto.

By Order of the Commander in Chief,
WILLOUGHBY COTTON,
Adjt. General H. M.'s Forces in India.

Singapore.

CONSUMPTION DUTY.

The Government of Java has laid on an additional duty of 10 rupees a picul on bees' wax, called a consumption duty, over and above the former import duty of 6 per cent if imported in a Dutch vessel, or 12, if in a foreigner. This is said to be intended less as a measure of finance than as a protection to the Netherlands Trading Company and to the manufacture in the mother country of cloths suited to the consumption of the Indian Archipelago, in which no European nation has yet been able to compete with the native manufacturer, who must therefore be crippled by imposing a partial and oppressive duty, on a commodity essential to the exercise of his art. The new duty, with that which existed before, be estimated at from 15 to 20 per cent, upon the average price of the article at the places from whence it is imported and may, if not counteracted by smuggling, have a very injurious effect upon the industry of the natives. The cloths in the highest estimation are the sarongs of Solo and the Batick handkerchiefs of Batavia, which are celebrated throughout the Archipelago. It might be imagined that European science, applied as it has been of late years with such brilliant effect in every art, could produce cloths which from their beauty, the durability of their colours and at the same time their cheapness, would be preferred to all others; so much however is the reverse of this the fact, that European Baticks of good quality have lately been sold here at from 12 to 15 dollars per corge of 20, whilst the price of Batavian Baticks of a corresponding description may be fairly estimated at from 15 to 50 dollars, in such slender estimation are held in the present instance the boasted productions of European skill. Among the reasons of this may be enumerated the following; that, the colours of the European manufactures are notoriously evanescent, whilst those dyed by the natives are permanent, and never give way; that, the European. "with all appliances and means to boot," which might he expected to give him the advantage does not in general execute his patterns so well as the natives; that in dyeing or printing or some subsequent stage of preparation for export from Europe some process is used by which the cloth itself is injured and consequently rendered less durable; and to these it may be added that patterns dyed in Europe, though professedly in imitation of the others, may nevertheless not always so exactly hit the native taste as those made by the people themselves upon the spot. The original texture of the cloth, as affecting the value of the article, need not be taken into calculation, as the *raw material* used by the European and the India dyer of Baticks, is the same, the cloth employed by the natives being of European fabric, and for the most part English long cloths or shirtings.

Of calico printing the Javanese have no idea, but they substitute for it a process which we shall endeavour in very few words to describe. The cloth being brought to the proper shape and dimensions, is stretched upon a frame and in this state the outlines of the patterns are drawn, an operation which must be infinitely tedious but, which is performed with much beauty and precision by the Javanese women and girls. That part of the cloth which, for the present, is intended to remain white is then covered by the same hands with a thin coating of melted bee's wax, whilst that which is to receive the colour in the first vat is left bare. The cloth is then sent to the dyer, who is generally a Chinese and, on being immersed in the vat, that part of it which was not covered with the wax takes the colour, whilst the rest remains white. If it is intended to give but two colours, the wax is then removed and the cloth immersed in a second vat, to colour what before was blank; but by only partially removing the wax remaining after each immersion any number of colours might be given. This is at best an awkward process,, and from the labour required, a very expensive one, but these disadvantages are well compensated by the stability of the colours and the prices which the cloths command. What dyeing materials are used, or how the colours are so indelibly fixed, we have no means of knowing; these things however might well merit the attention of the Dutch, who would persue a more becoming policy if they would learn in fair rivalry to surpass their native fellow subjects in skill instead of invoking the aid of power to crush these humble and industrious artisans by the weight of oppressive duties.

We have no wish to indulge in exaggeration, but where a principle is once forsaken and a hurtful system entered on none can tell how far it may be extended. There are manufactures in which a people so skilful and industrious as the Dutch must beyond all competition excell the natives; let the European subjects of the Netherlands confine themselves to these; or if not, and they will dabble in exotic arts, they should be taught to rest their hopes upon their merits alone, for nothing can be more cruel and at the same time more mistaken than the idea of benefitting a state by sacrificing the interests, perhaps the existence, of one class of subjects to pamper the unreasonable pretensions of another, pretensions tacitly resting on the ground of a want of skill which prevents their meeting their fellow subjects in the fair field of an honouradle competition. Individuals engaged in rivalry in general scorn to seek success but by their own efforts, but when united, into classes and companies their nature seems to change, nothing is too unreasonable for them, the fine feeling we allude to is lost, and *Aurum, Aurum, quocunque modo Aurum*, becomes the unmixed and universal impulse, and placed in competition with this blessed principle the commercial perdition of a rival class becomes a matter of very slight concern. Hence a callousness to all that is fair and just, a heartless disregard of what is due to others, unreasonable pretensions to favour, complaints of monopolies and protections are withheld and greater still if they are withdrawn. The feelings in which these evils originate are interwoven in our nature and not to be eradicated, nor is it desirable that they should; but they may be restrained: and we should conceive it to be the office of a benign Government, anxious to diffuse as much happiness as possible among the mass of its subjects, to repress the inordinate claims of every individual class.—*Chron May 8.*

English Extracts.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OR SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

THIRD SERIES.

COUSIN WILLIAM.

CHAPTER IV.

(Concluded)

The sickly footman returned with the Barclay, which the baronet had concluded to be nourishing brown stout for the invalid, but which turned out to be neither more nor less than a box of pills, one of which Mr. Crosby was in the habit of swallowing before he began to eat, as an artillery man fires a blind shell to ascertain the correctness of his range before he begins in earnest.

"Hutchins," said Mrs. Crosby, in the act of helping the fish—"has there been a spoon boiled with these trout?"

"Yes, Madam," said the butler.

"We are very particular, Sir Mark," said the lady; "and I never suffer a morsel of fish to be tasted which has not undergone the test of seasonableness: when the fish is likely to be injurious to the stomach, the spoon boled in the water with it, becomes tarnished."

"Indeed, Ma'am!" said Sir Mark.

"Mr. Crosby, my dear, don't eat any trout," said Mrs. Crosby; "don't you recollect the last time you ate trout, you had an attack of pleurisy? Let me persuade you to take some of the rice of that curry, with a little salt to it."

"I will, my angel," said Crosby, and he began preparing a mess accordingly.

"If you eat fish, Sir Mark," continued the exemplary lady, "let me recommend you some of our medicated soy. Hutchins, the medicated soy to Sir Mark: I assure you it will prevent all ill effects."

Sir Mark allowed himself to be helped to the medicated soy, and in return for his future mother-in-law's attention, solicited the honour of drinking a glass of wine with her.

"I would rather be excused. Sir Mark," said Mrs. Crosby; "but here is a young dissipated person, who will I dare say be my proxy."

Sir Mark became more crimson than ever.

"With great pleasure, Sir Mark," said Caroline bowing. and giving him one of her very best natured smiles; for withall her inexperience she saw the embarrassment of her new acquaintance, and pitied him extremely; not perhaps with that pity which is akin to love: however, they went through all the forms, bowed again; she put her lips to the glass, Sir Mark drank his wine in haste, and with downcast eyes, not even venturing to look upon the object of his affections.

At this period of the repast, Mr. Crosby was compelled to quit the table,

Sir Mark apprehended some sudden indisposition; the family, accustomed to such events, took no notice of his evanishment, but appeared intensely occupied with their plates.

"Mr. Crosby is not, ill, Ma'am?" said the baronet, inquiringly.

"Not ill, Sir Mark!" said Mrs. Crosby, "when is he well?—he is not particularly ill at this moment—he'll be back very soon; but pray take no notice of his having been absent; his spasms are at times so violent, that take what he will there is no conquering them: only don't ask him any questions when he returns, it agitates him---Caroline, my dear, some chicken?"

"None, thank you," said Caroline, who, to say truth, was quite absorbed in contemplating the unromantic matter-of-fact details of eating and drinking, through which Sir Mark was toiling, under the influence of good health and a prodigious and most unlover-like appetite.

"Will you take some wine *now*, Mrs. Crosby?" said Sir Mark.

"I know you'll forgive me," said the lady; "do you take wine, I entreat, and I will take half a tea-cup-full of acidulated barley-water to your Madeira."

'May *I* be of the party," said Caroline, archly resuming her almost untouched glass of wine.

"Upon *my* word, Miss,' said Mrs. Crosby, one-third in jest and two-thirds in earnest, "in *my* early days, young ladies of sixteen were not in the habit of offering themselves."

"Sixteen!" said Sir Mark, unable to conceal his surprise—"dear me, Mrs. Crosby—why—do you know I thought Miss Crosby nearly twenty."

"That is no great compliment, Sir Mark" said Caroline.

"Why, at *your* age, it is," said Mrs. Crosby; "a mistake of three or four years some twenty years hence, indeed, would be an unpardonable breach of politeness; but while in her teens, a girl cares little for being thought a little older than she really is—however, in truth, Sir Mark, Cary is just seventeen."

"Dear me!" said the baronet, venturing for once to cast his eyes over the graceful form of the half laughing, half blushing, girl—"Well!—to be sure,—how one *may* be deceived?"

"The truth is, Sir Mark, said Mrs. Crosby, "the girls of the present day are so much more forward than their mothers were at the same age, not only in manner and intellect, but in figure, that there is no judging as one used to do. Twenty years ago a girl of fifteen was a mere baby, breathing the heated air of the nursery, and dandling a doll as big as herself: but, Sir Mark, Doctor Buchan has done more towards improving the health and shapes of our girls than any man living."

"Indeed!" said Sir Mark.

"Indeed has he!" continued the enthusiastic Mrs. Crosby; "why before *his* time the poor things were wrapped up, and screwed up in stays, and bodices, and what not, till they were like so many Egyptian mummies; but Buchan had off all their wrappings, and bindings, and things, and popped them into the cold bath; and then made them run about and play; and, in short, by giving their limbs and bodies room to grow, deserves the credit of that healthful forwardness which characterizes the figures of young women of the present period."

"What is the gentleman's name, Ma'am?" said Sir Mark, who appeared particularly anxious to obtain some further information touching a person whose exertions in the female world appeared to have been crowned with such unequivocal marks of success.

"Buchan, Sir Mark---did you never hear of him?"

"Not that I can call to mind," said Sir Mark; "but I may have heard him spoken of, for I often observe to myself that my memory is not particularly retentive, unless what I hear is about something which interest me."

"If Buchan had never written, Sir, that gentleman would not have been sitting there," said Mrs. Crosby pointing to her spouse, who had returned very quietly, almost unobserved, to his seat at the bottom of the table.

"How are you *now* said Sir Mark to his future father-in-law.

"Don't ask," interrupted Mrs. Crosby, "it only only fidgets him; and besides the details, perhaps—Now, Hutchins, take away these things—I presume you don't eat cheese?" continued the lady to her visitor.

"I? no," said the baronet; "if there is no cheese, I—"

"There *is* cheese, Sir Mark, of course," said Mrs. Crosby smiling; but let me advise you, unless you wish to die a martyr to rheumatism, never to eat cheese."

"Rheumatism!" said Sir Mark, "I should'nt have thought—"

"Certain, Sir Mark---certain," exclaimed Mr. Crosby from the bottom of the table: "as much mustard, stewed prunes, and coddled apples, as you please, but no cheese."

Indeed!" muttered Sir Mark, who by no means approved of the Crosby system of punishing a good constitution for fear it might becomes bad; "the rheumatism, Sir, is a dreadful disorder, and nothing, I have often observed, is more disagreeable than seeing persons suffer.---I need hardly add, except suffering oneself."

"Very true, indeed," said Caroline, who, whenever her admirer pumped up a platitude with the air of a man who has made a prodigious discovery, reverted not only to her cousin William's observations on his peculiarity, but alas! to cousin William himself.

The dessert put down, and Hutchins and his staff retired, the conversation flagged most terribly, the whole of the discussion being as to the wholesomeness of strawberries and the balefulness of melons, enlivened by an elaborate detail from Sir Mark, of a robbery committed on his grapery, three years before; upon which occasion he purchased some of his own fruit in a shop in London. This event, which to him appeared not only interesting, but positively miraculous, he recounted with an accuracy and minuteness scarcely credible; weight of the bunches, the name of the gardener, as well as that of the woman he married, the date of the theft, and the very hour of the purchase, were all stated with an exactitude far beyond the comprehension of Caroline, whose mind rested upon other matters than bunches of grapes, and whose surprise that such affairs could occupy any man's mind, gave place to that she felt on discovering that Sir Mark's mind was adequate to the retention of so many names and circumstances, however trivial and unimportant.

Wise would it have been for poor Caroline, if acting upon the impulse of the moment, and guided by her own feelings, she had unequivocally expressed her real opinion of the amiable dullard who aspired to her hand—but she was under an overweaning influence, and seeing in all the disagreeables before her, a passport to the world, society, and the friendship of Morley, she determined at once to blind herself to all the evils, which she had sufficient tact to perceive and appreciate upon this first association with Sir Mark, and take the plunge which was to make or mar her.

On the contrary, Sir Mark read in Caroline's courteous smiles and easy familiarity, kindness, affection, and dawning love. He knew too little of the world, to distinguish between the careless freedom of an unaffected girl towards one, entirely indifferent, and the tender shrinking apprehension of her, who trembles lest she should betray what she would give the world to reveal.

The restraint which the customs of the world have put upon the conduct of females renders the best amongst them more or less hypocrites. How hard this is---that the ingenuous confiding qualities of woman's heart should be thus tortered and spoiled; and yet so it *must* while the present order of things lasts. It is true, they have looks for those who are skilled in such lore; and as the wise ones tell us, have two eyes to say yes, and but one tongue to say no. The studies of Sir Mark, however, had not turned his thoughts much that way; and when he saw the frank open manner of Caroline, he thought the day was won; but encouraged as he was, he resolved to push the advantage already gained; and after a few glasses of wine, taken under the inspection of Crosby, who, of course, drank none, praised in the most glowing language of which he was master, the charms of person and manner in Caroline, which it seemed had quite

Bombay Gazette.

VOLUME XXXIX.] WEDNESDAY, JULY 16TH 1828. [NUMBER 1989

Higgs & Briggs

WILL SELL

BY AUCTION

To-morrow the 17th Instant.

WHITE Jean, Bengal Cheroots, Blue and White Plates, of Sizes, a variety of articles of Household Furniture &c.,

Meadows Street, 16th July 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL

BY AUCTION.

To-morrow the 17th Instant,

AT ONE O'CLOCK,

A SPLENDID

SAPPHIRE BROOCH,

SET ROUND WITH PEARLS

ALSO

A NEAT SERVICEABLE

BUGGY,

AND A

CALCUTTA BUILT

CURRICLE,

Meadows Street, 16th July 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED.

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION,

NEW

CAVALRY EQUIPMENTS,

ONLY TWO OR THREE TIMES USED,

CONSISTING OF.

A Cavalry Saddle complete	Rs. 150
Shabrache	250
Full Dress Pouch with Silver Mountings	180
——— Sabertasche with Silk & Silver Cord Slings	140
——— Ditto Second Hand	50
——— Sabre and Gold Sword	
Knot	50
——— Jacket and Girdle	400
Hemlet, Silver Mountings	150
Regimental Pouch, with 2 Belts and Silver Mountings	60
Shell Jacket	50
ALSO,	
A neat light Palanquin	130

Meadows Street, 16th July 1828.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FOR SALE,

ON COMMISSION.

A SMALL ASSORTMENT

OF VERY SUPPERIOR

BABY LINEN,

PRICED AT LITTLE MORE THAN

PRIME COST;

CONSISTING of Frock Bodies, Robes, Pelisses, Robes with Trowsers and Aprons, Cambric Caps, Footing, Edging, Cockades &c.

ALSO,

Worked Muslin Gowns, Strips of Work, Colored and Gauze Handkerchiefs &c.

Meadows Street, 16th July 1828.

SECOND

Calcutta Lottery

OF 1828.

TICKETS in the above Lottery are for Sale at the Office of Messrs. RANKEN AND SAUNDERS, at Rs. 120 each.

Rampart Row, 16th July 1828,

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

A SUPERIOR,

DOUBLE AUCTIONED

HARP,

BY ERRARD.

IT HAS BEEN FOUR YEARS IN THE COUNTRY, IS IN EXCELLENT TUNE, AND BELONGS TO A LADY LEAVING INDIA.

PRICE RUPEES 1,200.

ALSO,

A CAPITAL

EIGHT DAY

CLOCK,

BY M'CABE,

It is in perfect order and an excellent time-keeper.

PRICE RS. 400.

Meadows Street, 16th July 1828.

Higgs and Briggs.

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

AN ENGLISH BUILT

LANDAU,

WITH A PAIR OF

CAPITAL STRONG

CARRIAGE HORSES,

AND HARNESS

PRICE RS. 1800

ALSO

A NEAT

ENGLISH BUILT

STANHOPE

WITH ARAB

Buggy Horse

AND HARNESS

PRICE RS. 700

The Property of a Family leaving India

Meadows Street, 16th July 1828.

Advertisement.

BICKNELL'S & MOORE'S HATS.

MANY Hats of very inferior quality having come to our hands (by parties returning from India) bearing our name stamped in them in the usual way, but certainly not of our Manufacture, we beg very respectfully to caution the Purchasers of investments against this imposition, which may be defeated by demanding our *regular printed invoice* at the time the book of investment is shewn for sale, to which invoice our certificate will henceforth be invariably attached.

The inferior Hats may Generally be detected by their softness and sponginess, as they are the long-napped waterproof Hats. which are exported in ignorance to India, and which in hot climates soon become brown and shapeless: whereas our regular, superfine Hats constantly retain their firmness and shape, and the close texture, which for so many years has rendered them the most desirable Hats sent to India.

BICKNELL AND MOORE.

London, 7th February 1828.

THIS DAY.

WEDNESDAY the 16th Instant.

FRITH

Bomanjee & Co.

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

AT THEIR ROOMS,

About sixty pieces of damaged,

WOOLLENS,

Of Colours,

ALSO,

A quantity of damaged

COTTON YARN,

Landed from the *Ceres* and to be Sold on account of those concerned.

Nesbit Lane, 16th July 1828.

On FRIDAY next the 18th Instant,

AND THE FOLLOWING DAY

FRITH

Bomanjee and Co.

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

THE

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

OF THE LATE

R. O. BRIDGEMAN ESQ.

AT HIS LATE

RESIDENCE,

AT MAZAGON;

TOGETHER with his valuable and extensive Law Library. The Furniture comprizes Dining, Pier and Pembroke TABLES—Couches Chairs, Side Boards Large and small Bedsteads Vase Hanging Lamps Wall Shades, Dinner, Breakfast and Dessert Services of Rich British Porcelain, Dessert Service of Rich Cut Glass, Argaund Lamps, Rich Plate and Plated Ware, of the usual description, Cooking Utensils, Books &c. &c. &c.

AND

AT 1 O'CLOCK

(UNLESS PREVIOUSLY SOLD)

Will be put up,

A VERY ELEGANT

CHARIOT

AND HARNESS

with a pair of Capital,

GREY ARAB HORSES

A VERY NEAT

PHAETON,

AND A HIGH

CAST

Saddle Horse.

A very fine full Toned GRAND PIANI-FORTE nearly new, by *Broadwood* and an Eight Day Bracket CLOCK by *Baraud.*

TERMS,

The Lots to be Cleared within three days from the day of Sale or they will be removed to the Rooms of the Auctioners and resold at the risk and expence of the first purchaser.

N. B.—The Sale of LAW BOOKS, will take Place, on Saturday the 19th Instant.

Nesbit Lane, 16th June 1828.

FOR SALE.

A CHAIN CABLE, one Inch and a 90 Fathoms long complete with an ANCHOR suitable for Ditto, weight 12 cwt. 1 qr. 15 lbs.

For Particulars inquire at the Shop of PESTONJEE BHICCAJEE or on board the Ship MARY Captain GUY.

Bombay, 16th July 1828.

THIS DAY

WEDNESDAY the 16th Inst.

FRITH

Bomanjee and Co.

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

AT THEIR ROOMS

A VERY Choice selection of Cabinet ware, consisting of Writing Desks, Portfolios and Dressing Cases of Russia Leather, with patent Locks Toilet Boxes, Dressing Cases of Rose Wood and Mahogany, completely fitted, a large variety of Piece Goods, comprising Long Cloths, Madapolams, Muslins, Handkerchiefs, &c. &c. Smelling Salts, Tooth Brushes, Black Lead Pencils, Lavender Water, and sundry other useful and necessary articles.

Nesbit Lane, 16th July 1828.

FRITH

Bomanjee and Co.

WILL SELL

BY PUBLIC AUCTION

On WEDNESDAY next the 23d Inst.

TO CLOSE AN ACCOUNT

AN Invoice of TABLE CUTLERY, HARDWARE &c. well deserving the Notice of families; the same will shortly be exposed to view.

Nesbit Lane, 16th July 1828.

FRITH

Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE for Sale on Commission, a very handsome Light London built Dennett, Horse and Harness, nearly new, well worthy the attention of any Gentleman—Price Rs. 1700.

A very Superb Emerald and Brilliant Broach.—Price Rupees 2000.

A Ditto Ditto Emerald and Brilliant Earrings.—Price Rupees 2500.

An elegant Pearl and Topaz Crescent, Rupees 100.

A complete set of Charts of the Navigation from hence to China.—Price 150 Rupees.

FRITH

Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

FOR SALE

A QUANTITY of SPONGE of very Superior Quality, which they will sell at Moderate rates.

Nesbit Lane, 16th July 1828.

FOR SALE,

ON COMMISSION,

AT

FRITH

Bomanjee and Co.'s

A VERY valuable Collection of BOOKS, among which are, Rees' Encyclopedia 45 vols. Horace Walpole's Letters 4 vols. Marmontel's Tales 3 vols. Fergusson's Roman Republic 5 vols. Rollin's Ancient History 6 vols. Dubois's Account of the Hindu Religion Sale's Koran, Bayles's Dictionary 6 vols folio, Beauties of England and Wales 26 vols, with a variety of the most interesting modern works. The whole handsomely bound, quite new, and to be disposed of at low rates.

Nesbit Lane, 16th July 1828.

FOR SALE,

A FEW Europe SHEEP in high Condition at 25 Rs. each.

ALSO

Several Dozen of very Superior RED HERMITAGE, from the respectable House of MAXWELL AND KEYS per Doz. 40 Rs.

Apply to FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO.

Nesbit Lane, 16th July 1828.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE just received, per Ship *Hannah*, from China, a very beautiful assortment of LACQUERED WARE, consisting of Ladies Work Tables, Tea Tables, Work Boxes &c. &c. Also, an assortment of Coral and Amalakite Necklaces, Gold Earings &c. prices moderate to ensure a speedy sale. A few thousand fresh Manilla Cheroots, at 25 Rupees per Thousand.

FRITH
Bomanjee and Co.

HAVE FOR SALE

ON COMMISSION

A BENGAL Mehannah PALANQUIN built by STEWART, the same would make a capital Body for a Shigrampo—Price Rs. 175.

Nesbit Lane, 15th July 1828

FOR SALE

BY PRIVATE CONTRACT,

SEVERAL pair of rich and splendid Chandeliers, Wall Shades, Girandoles, Pier Glasses, a few choice Prints, several pairs of Hanging Lamps, and a variety of Furniture.

May be viewed on Monday next, or any subsequent day, between the hours of 10 and 6—At the House Called CLAREMOUNT late the residence of LIMJEE COWASJEE (deceased) in Nesbit Lane MAZAGON.

For particulars apply to FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co.

Nesbit Lane, 16th July 1828.

FOR SALE.

A FEW half Pipes of Choice OLD MADEIRA Just imported per *Ceres* from London at Rs. 350 per half Pipe And two half Butts of

OLD SHERRY..... 400 per do.

Also five Cases of fine

CHAMPAGNE,..... 30 per dozen

Apply to Capt. WARREN at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND CO.

Bombay 16th July 1828.

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the Underwriters and Shippers of Goods &c. in the Ship Shah Byramgore, Captain Crockett, is requested at the office of the undersigned on To-morrow the 17th Inst. at noon, when several matters connected with the interests of all concerned will be taken into considerations, and an account submitted of the property saved from the wreck of the said ship.

REMINGTON, CRAWFORD AND CO.

Bombay. 16th July 1828.

Advertisement.

MESSRS. GILDER AND DE SOUZA have just received, for Sale on Commission, three very superior double barrelled PERCUSSION GUNS, by Purdey, complete with spare articles, at Rupees 750 each.

Apply at their Office on the Green.

Bombay, 16th July 1828.

Advertisement,

APPLICATION having been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, that Probate of the last Will and Testament of JOAÒ DE FARIA, late of Bombay, Portuguese, Merchant deceased, may be granted to SIR ROGER DE FARIA, the Executor therein named all persons concerned are hereby apprized thereof.—Dated this 11th day of July 1828.

E. C. MORGAN,
PROCTOR.

AVISO.

TENDO-se Recorrido a Corte Suprema da Judicatura de Bombay, para que a Verificaçaò (Probate) do Testamento do deffuncto JOAÒ DE FARIA, Negociante Portugues de Bombay, Seja concedida a SENHOR ROGERIO DE FARIA Testamenteiro nelle nomeado; todas as pessoas nisso Concernentes por este fiquem Scientes.

Bombay 11 de Julho de 1828.

E. C. MORGAN,
SOLLICITADOR.

SAUL SOLOMON.

MERCHANT, COMMERCIAL AND SHIPPING AGENT AT THE ISLAND OF SAINT HELENA.

Marine Stores, Provisions, Live Stock and Supplies of every description, furnished with facility and on moderate terms.

NEGOCIATES GOOD BILLS.

N. B.—Apartments fitted up in a superior style for the reception of Passengers.

TERMS OF BOARDING HOUSE.—Ladies and Gentlemen accommodated at 25s. per day, including Port. Sherry. Madeira and Beer, Children and Servants at 12s.6d.

Passengers desirous of remaining at St. Helena for any length of time, accommodated on reduced terms of 15s. each and servants 5s.

N.B.—Hot and Cold Baths, Carriages & Saddle Horses.

TO BE LET.

AN Upper roomed HOUSE with GODOWNS, belonging to the late LIMJEE COWASJEE, deceased, situated in Forbes Street, and fit for an Office. Formerly occupied by Mr. PATRICK STEUART and since by the QUARTER MASTER GENERAL.—For Particular apply to FRAMJEE COWASJEE at his Office.

Bombay, 16th July 1828.

Advertisement.

APPLICATION having been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, that Probate of the Will and Testament of ROBERT HUNT Esquire Deceased, late a Lieutenant Colonel in the Military Service of the United Company of Merchants of England, trading to the East Indies on their Bombay, Establishment, may be granted to LUCY HUNT, the Widow and Sole Executrix named in and appointed by the said Will. All Persons interested therein are hereby apprized thereof.—Dated this 15th day of July 1828.

MORRIS AND PUGH,
PROCTORS.

Advertisement.

Application having been made to the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay that Probate of the last will and Testament of late Anna Maria de Souza widow of Bombay Portuguese Deceased may be granted to JOSEPH DE LEMA E SOUZA also a Portuguese inhabitant of Bombay all persons concerned therein are hereby apprized thereof Dated this 2d June, 1828.

T. W. BROWN.
PROCTOR FOR PETR.

AVISO.

TENDO recorrido a Corte Suprema da Judicatura em Bombaim que Approvaçaõ do Testamento de ANNA MARIA DE SOUZA Wiuva moradora de Bombaim ja defunta seja concedida a JOSEPH DE LIMA E SOUZA outro si morador de Bombaim, Todas pessoas interessadas nella fiquem por este sciente do mesmo.—Datada 2 de Junho de 1828.

T. W. BROWNE
PROCURADOR DO SUPLICANTE.

Freight or Passage,

TO LIVERPOOL OR THE CLYDE

THE FINE ENGLISH SHIP

SOVEREIGN, A. I.

Stephen Nesfield,

COMMANDER,

BURTHEN 426 TONS.

DAILY expected, and will have an early dispatch, For particulars apply to Messrs. ROBERT TAYLOR AND CO.

Bombay, 16th July 1828.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE

THE UNDERMENTIONED PRINTED BLANK FORMS.

BILLS of Exchange, per sett	Rs.	"	2 "
Powers of Attorney, each	"	"	2 "
Interest Bonds, do.	"	"	2 "
Respondentia Bonds do.	"	1	" "
Policies of Insurance do.	"	1	" "
Bills of Lading per set	"	"	2 "
Price Currents each	"	"	2

Bombay, 16th July 1828.

Freight or Passage

TO

London,

THE FINE ENGLISH SHIP

EGYPTIAN, A. I.

William Lilburn,

COMMANDER,

BURTHEN 359 TONS.

DAILY expected. For particulars apply to Messrs. ROBERT TAYLOR AND CO.

Bombay, 16th July 1828.

For Freight or Passage

TO

London,

THE FINE SHIP

ELLEN, A. I.

OF 400 TONS,

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BOYLE.

HAS excellent accommodation for Passengers, and will be despatched in August.

Apply to Mr. ARCHD. INGLIS.

(3) *Bombay, 16th July* 1828.

Passage to London,

THE FINE RIVER BUILT SHIP

LADY RAFFLES, A. I.

BURTHEN 600 TONS,

WILLIAM TUCKER

COMMANDER.

WAS to sail from London direct for Bombay early in March, and may be daily expected. This Ship has a double stern, the Cabins are large and elegantly fitted up, and she will carry an experienced Surgeon.

Apply at the Office of Messrs ADAM SKINNER AND CO., where plans of the accommodations may be seen.

Bombay, 16th July 1828.

For Passage to Port Louis

AND LONDON

THE SHIP

MARY,

OF 400 Tons

O. Dagnio,

COMMANDER

HAS good accommodation for a few Passengers and will sail for LONDON on the 1st August, calling at PORT LOUIS.

Apply to the COMMANDER at the Office of Messrs. WILLIAM NICOL AND CO.

Bombay, 16th July 1828.

GENERAL ORDERS.

By the Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

(Concluded.)

BOMBAY CASTLE, 26TH JUNE 1828.

No. 165 of 1828.—Surgeon Alexander Henderson is appointed to act in charge of the European General Hospital until further orders.

No. 166 of 1828—The following temporary appointments are confirmed at the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief.

Lieutenant W. Turner to act as Quarter Master to the 2d Regiment of Light Cavalry from the 3d June 1828.

Lieutenant H. C. Teasdale, of the 25th Regiment, to officiate as Interpreter to the 26th Regiment Native Infantry during the absence of Lieutenant Ottley on sick Certificate.

Bombay Castle, 26th June 1828.

No. 167 of 1828.—At the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief, Subedar Major Shaik Farzoola, of the 12th Regiment Native Infantry, is appointed to command the Hill Fort of Ruttunghur.

No. 168 of 1828.—The Hon'ble the Governor in Council is pleased to order the republication of the following General Orders issued by the Supreme Government.

No. 111 of 1828.

General Orders by the Hon'ble the Governor General in Council.

Fort William, 27th May 1828.

In continuation of General Orders No. 52 of the 11th March last, the Governor General in Council is pleased to direct that the following List of Officers be published to whom the donation of batta has been paid in England on account of the Burmese War from the 1st to the 31st October and from the 1st to the 30th November 1827.

List of Officers to whom the donation of Batta has been granted in England on account of the Burmese War from 1st to 31st October 1827.

His Majesty's 13th Foot.

		£	s.
Lieut. Jas. Jones (deceased)..	6 months	72	0
Capt. George Reed dec.....	12 do.	216	0
Lieut John Petry dec.....	6 do.	72	0
Capt. C. L. Wingfield late Lieut.	12 do.	144	0

His Majesty's 38th Foot.

Lieut A. H. McLeroth.....	6 months	72	0

His Majesty's 41st Foot

Lieut. Andrew Russell deceased.	6 months	67	10

His Majesty's 44th Regiment of Foot.

Lieut. Col. J. W. Morison deceased, as Col.....	6 month	450	0
Capt. Robt Smith.....	6 do.	450	0

His Majesty's 47th Foot.

Capt. H. Wainright, as Lieut..	6 months	72	0
Lieut. Col. J. W. O. Donoghue C. B. as Major.....	3 months	135	0

His Majesty's 87th Foot.

Lieut. Edward Cox.....	3 months	36	0
Lieut. Joseph Thomas.....	3 do	36	0

His Majesty's 89th Foot.

		£.	s.
Surgeon Robert Dunn.....	6 months	101	5

Bengal.

Capt. R. H. Sneyd.....	6 months	108	0
Major N. S. Webb.....	3 months	135	0
Lieut. C. J. C. Collins.....	6 months	72	0
Lieut. G. D. Johnstone.....	6 do.	72	2

Madras.

Capt. Geo. Fryer.....	6 months	131	5
Lieut. Alex. Mitchell deceased.	6 do.	67	10
Assist. Surgeon G. R. Gibb..	6 do.	67	18
Capt. J. W. Moncriff.....	6 do.	101	5

List of Officers to whom the donation of Batta has been granted in England on account of the Burmese Was from 1st to 30th Nov. 1827.

His Majesty's 44th Foot.

		£.	s.
Lieut. John Donaldson deceased.	3 months	36	0

His Majesty's 45th Foot.

Capt. James Reid, as Lieut....	3 month.	33	15

His Majesty's 54th Foot.

Lieut Col. Allen Kelly as Major	6 months	253	2
Capt. Richard Kelly.....	6 do.	101	5

Bengal.

Lieut. Col. Thos. Murray....	6 months	360	00
Lieut. Charles Chester.....	3 months	36	00

Madras.

Surgeon James Richmond....	6 months	101	50

No. 117 of 1828—General Orders by the Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

Fort William, 30th May 1828.

In continuation of General Orders, No. 111 of the 27th instant, the Governor General in Council is pleased to direct that the following Lists of Officers be published, to whom the donation of Batta has been paid in England, on account of the Burmese War, from the 1st to the 31st December 1827, and from the 1st to the 31st January 1828.

List of Officers to whom the donation of Batta has been granted in England, on account of the Burmese War from the 1st to 31st December 1827.

His Majesty's 11th Dragoons.

		£.	s.
Assist. Surgeon Benjn. Campbell	6 months	72	00

His Majesty's 38th Regt. of Foot.

Lieut. John S. Torrens (deceased).	12 do.	144	00
Lieut. Col. Tho. Evans dec).....	6 do.	360	00
Assist. Surgeon John Dempster....	5 do.	72	00

His Majesty's 44th Foot.

Lieut. Albert G. Gledstanes (dec.)	6 months	72	00

His Majesty's 45th Foot.

Ensign J. Story.....	3 months	25	6-3

His Majesty's 89th Foot

Capt. Charles Coates (dec).....	6 months	101	5
Lieut. Wm. Kennedy (dec)....	3 do.	33	15

Madras.

Surgeon Archd. Spiers (dec)....	6 months	101	5-0
Capt. F. M. Claridge as Lieut....	6 do.	67	10-0

List of Officers to whom the donation of batta has been granted in England on account of the Burmese Wer from 1st to 31st Jan. 1828.

His Majesty's 41st Foot.

		£.	s.	d.
Bt. Capt. Ed. Briscoe	6 months, as Lieut.	67	10	0

His Majesty's 44th Foot.

Lieut. R. Mackrill.....	6 months	72	00
Assist. Surgeon Rd. Verling....	6 months	72	00

His Majesty's 45th Foot.

Rieut. Ths. Chadwick	3 months.....	33	15 0
Capt. Rd. C. Elliott, as Lieut.	3 months.	33	15 0

Madras.

Lieut. John Irving James dec.	12 months	135	
Assis. Surgeon Rt. Davidson	6 months.	67	10 0
Lieut. T. A. J. J. Longworth	6 do.....	67	10 0
Lieut. Thos. Baylis.....	3 do.....	33	15 0
Capt. George Milson as Lieut.	6 months..	67	10 0

Signed WM. CASEMENT, *Lieut. Col.*
Secretary to Government.

Military Department.

Bombay Castle, 27th June 1828.

No. 169 of 1828—The Governor in Council is pleased to publish in General Orders the following Extract of a despatch from the Hon'ble the Court of Directors dated the 25th of January, constituting the Fortress of Asseerghur a special Government command.

Letter dated 25th January 1828.

64 and 65 Referring to a General Order by the Supreme Government relative to the expediency of constituting the Fortress of Asseerghur a Government Command, and to limit the number of Brigadier Commands allowed to the Presiden-

26. We have in our Military correspondence with the Bengal Government (Military letter 23d August 1827) expressed our opinion that the Forts of Agra, Agra, and Asseerghur were suitable stations for [illegible] Officers, and [illegible] an allowance of [illegible] hundred (200) [illegible] Officers to be appointed by the Hon-

Continuation.

It would be difficult to describe the state of Mrs. Crosby's feelings during the morning of the eventful day; the fidgetty desire to have everything in the nicest possible order; the anxiety that Caroline should appear to advantage, as having been brought up by *her*, mingled with the mean jealousy of her attractions, because she was not her own child; the fear that Sir Mark might be displeased, and the apprehension that he might be too much delighted—she was a strange compound; and even when the baronets's carriage was actually grinding the gravel of the sweep, she had not made up her mind as to which she liked most, or rather disliked least, the advancement of her daughter-in-law to a rank superior to her own, or the riddance of her influence over Mr. Crosby, and the division of allegiance amongst the servants and dependants of the family, which she perpetually fancied Caroline' spresence induced

In the midst of this flutter of feeling—Caroline at her toilette—Mr. Crosby in his dressing-room, and Mrs. Crosby in the drawing-room—the folding doors were flung open, and Sir Mark Terrington announced.

He was dressed in an entirely new stone blue coat (*chef d'œuvre* of the best only tailor at Hildersham) a white waistcoat, sorrel coloured breeches, with plated buckles at the knees, and quite new bluish white silk stockings—his neckcloth, of the bolster school, without any visible shirt collar, was tied lightly round his neck, and his plump unwhiskered cheeks festooned over its upper edge, almost blue with health: his hair, which was light, short, and thick, bristled on his head; and his small unmeaning grey eyes, beaming with good nature, were downcast as he approached the lady of the mansion; who, considering the nature of his visit, extended one of her cold bony hands towards him, which was graciously and warmly received by Sir Mark, who, wishing to express his feelings upon the occasion somewhat enthusiastically, grasped the proffered tribute to friendship between two or three of his hard thick fingers, which closed upon the delicate dame's fifteen phalanges like scarlet nut-crackers, and made them absolutely snap, exciting at the same moment an exclamation of torture from their dignified mistress.

Sir Mark coloured up—Mrs. Crosby looked at her wounded hand and affected to smile, which the baronet seeing, concluded nothing was the matter, and said nothing about it; at the same moment Mr. Crosby, wrapped up in a loose great-coat, with his hat on, made his appearance, and in like manner submitted his fingers to the friendly pressure of his intended son-in-law's most formidable forceps.

"Sir Mark," said Crosby, "I rejoice to see you; you will excuse my wearing my hat and great-coat, for I have had a touch of lumbago during the night, and an unpleasant sensation about my eyes all day, which I apprehend arises from cold. I was foolish enough yesterday afternoon to go across the stable-yard, to look at one of the carriage horses that is ill, when the wind was at north-east; and to add to my misfortunes, I accidentally stepped in to a puddle, which altogether has completely knocked me up: however, you must not be treated like a stranger, and, therefore, I know you will forgive me."

"Certainly, Sir," said the baronet, "I think you are quite right: I have always observed that a hat keeps the head very warm, particularly in the house, where the air does not affect one so much as it does out of doors."

"Yes," said Mrs. Crosby, "so it does, Sir Mark." A pause in the conversation.

"Where's Caroline, my dear?" said Crosby to his wife.

"She will be down in a few minutes, my love," said Crosby's wife to Crosby.

"Any news, Sir Mark?" asked the master of the house.

"Not much," said Sir Mark; "you have heard, I suppose, that Styles's son, Thomas, is going to be married to Oake's daughter?"

"Oake's?" said Crosby, inquiringly,

"Yes, the butcher at Bibraham," said Sir Mark; "the man that bred those fat sheep about two years ago, if you remember."

"Ah!" said Crosby, not one whit the wiser.

"He is a very deserving young man," said the baronet; "I have employed his father for many years: indeed, as long as I find people honest, and civil, and industrious, I never change; for I have always observed that it never answers to make alterations where there is no chance of improvement."

"Very true, indeed, Sir," said Mrs. Crosby, as if the corroboration were in the smallest degree necessary.

"The weather looks lowering, Mr. Crosby," said the baronet; "I think we shall have rain."

"The glass has fallen," said Crosby.

"Ah!" said the baronet—"they want rain." Another pause.

"Where *can* Caroline be?" said Mrs. Crosby. "Mr. Crosby, my dear, ring the bell."

The bell was rung.

"Miss Caroline is quite well I hope?" said Sir Mark.

"Why I cannot say she is," said her mother-in-law; "indeed we are none of us very quite well: I am always afraid when the scarlet fever is in the neighbourhood. Roberts's children and Mrs. Higgs' daughter are just on it; and Caroline *will* go to church, say what I can to her; and she has been complaining of the last two or three days of chills and heats, and slight sore throat. I made her take some broth to-day, and I hope, please God, she may—"

At this moment the doors of the drawing-room opening, presented to the eyes of the adoring Sir Mark, the lovely object of their discussion, blooming in beauty, and glowing with radiance of the most perfect health; she being on her arrival (purposely timed by herself) followed by the butler to announce dinner; for she wisely calculated that the bustle and confusion of proceeding to the dining-room, would cover her embarrassment, and that of her professed admirer, and at all events get rid of the odious half hour before the repast.

Sir Mark rose, and having made his obeisance, proceeded to offer his hand to Mrs. Crosby, Crosby being attended by his blooming daughter; and in this order they proceeded across the Hall to the *salle à manger*.

Every body has observed that whenever particular pains and trouble are expended to make up an agreeable party, the scheme universally fails; and upon the present occasion the endeavour to put Sir Mark perfectly at his ease, by inviting nobody to meet him, was equally unsuccessful. Any of the ordinary visitors of Crosby Hall, the rector, the attorney even,—anybody to have broken the solemn uniformity of the *partie quarre*—would have been a most charming relief: as it was the silence and gravity were unmitigated; while the interest created amongst the servants, to examine with the proper scrupulousness the avowed lover of their young lady, (for so he had been confidentially announced by Mrs. Davis to be) prompted them to rivet four pair of unmeaning eyes upon the worthy baronet; the consciouness of which inspection, added to his habitual bashfulness, placed him in the most uncomfortable possible condition; while Caroline, anxious for his *coup d'essai*, waited with examplary patience for some sign, if not of rationality, at least of animation.

The worthy baronet accepted the proffered soup from the servants.

"Are you really going to take soup, Sir Mark?" said Mr. Crosby.

"Yes, if you please," said Sir Mark Terrington.

"Take the pulverized ginger to Sir Mark," said the lady of the house to the butler.

Instantly, a huge bottle, labelled accordingly, was presented to Sir Mark.

"None, I thank you," said the baronet.

"Sir Mark," said Mrs. Crosby, "there is a great proportion of vegetable matter in that soup, and it is absolute poison without a corrective—permit me to do it for you."

Saying which, she kindly dipped a large thickly perforated spoon into the bottle, and in a trice scattered at least two ounces of its contents on the surface of Sir Mark's soup.

"Now stir it up, Sir Mark, and I'll venture to say you'll suffer nothing."

Now Sir Mark having, thanks to Providence, an excellent constitution, never anticipated any great suffering from eating a plate of soup, and would rather have dispensed with the *bane* than have mixed with it the antidote; however, the intention of Mrs. Crosby was everything, and the worthy baronet began the operation of demolishing the medicated mess which her assiduity had arranged for him.

But he was not prepared for all his misery; none of the family ate soup, nor would they be persuaded to commence eating fish until Sir Mark had finished his jorum. The caloric of the soup superadded to the heat of the ginger, rendered this operation somewhat lengtey, as the Americans say; and at least seven minutes were occupied in its consumption—the perfect silence of the party rendering more than usually audible the noice which the worthy baronet somewhat gothically made in sipping it.

"Have you taken your Barclay, my love?" said Mrs. Crosby to her husband.

"No, I quite forgot it," said Crosby,

"Robert," said Mrs. Crosby, and turning to a very thin, very pale footman, who was her great favourite, and took physic three times every week, whispered some directions in his ear, to obey which he speedily vanished.

During all this ceremony, Caroline could not avoid observing that Sir Mark, in addition to the ardour of the pursuit in which he was engaged, was enduring the full blaze of the sun directly in his eyes, nor could she avoid asking him, whether he did not find the glare excessive.

"Not in the least, I thank you," said Sir Mark most amiably, his face absolutely crimsoned with the heat. and his purple veins starting at his temples.

(To be Continued)

ALPHABET
FOR THE USE OF
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Marquess Douro, Marquess and Earl of Wellington, &c.: First Lord Commissioner of his Majesty's Treasury, Field Marshal in the Army, Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, Colonel in Chief of Rifle Brigade. Governor of Plymouth, and Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum County Southampton:. Prince of Waterloo; Duke of Ciudid Rodrigo, Duke of Vittoria, and a grandee of Spain of the First Class Marquis of Torres Vedras, Count of Vimeira in Portugal, K. G., K, A., B. E. C. S., E., F. M., G. F., M. J. M. T., S., St. E., St. G. T. S. and W, D. C. L.

A is our "ancient Ally", the Great Turk
B is the Bigotry good for our work,
C is the Church whose rich tithes we defend
D is the Darkness befitting our end.
E the Enlightenment which we so hate,
F is the Falsehood much used in the State.
G are the Grants for new churches and steeple.
H is the Hunger that pinches the people
I stands for Ignorance—bless'd be the name!
J for the Jabber we speak without shame,
K is the Knowledge—Man's fall in the Bible!
L is the Law that restrains it as libel.
M stands for Manchester, Murder, and Massacre,
N Navarino and party *tracasserie*.
O is the cry of a tax-ridden nation,
P are the Pensions that go with high station.
Q are the Questions we smother with No,
R the Revenue, that's rather so so.
S is the State merely made for our profit,
T the Taxation the people get of it,
U is the Union of knaves and of dupes,
V is the Vermin of time-serving troops.
W The next is a letter of paw-paw report,
X is the Premier who cross'd it at Court.
Y stands for Yea's which all reason o'erwhelm,
Z for the Zany who sits at the helm.

The Examiner Feb. 10.

POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

(From the London John Bull, December 23)

Tuesday last, Frederick Robinson was brought before the sitting Magistrates at Bow street, to answer to a charge of quitting his master's service without giving him due warning.

It appeared in evidence, that Robinson some months ago engaged himself to drive the Sovereign stage coach but finding himself unable to manage the horses, and being also apprehensive of the issue of several complaints lodged against him at the next quarter sessions, for careless and unskillful driving—he the said Robinson did, last Thursday se'ennigh, just as the Sovereign was to leave London, quit the service of his master, and set off to some relations he has in Bedfordshire; since which time every effort had been made to get him back to his work without success.

The following examination will best explain the nature of the case:—

Magistrate—Well, Robinson, what have you to say to all this?

Robinson—Please your worship, I'll tell you the whole truth; I took the place because I likes to be going, and thought I could do very well; but never having been used afore to work with *leaders*, vy the osses got the better o' me, and so I thought it best to be off, before any serious damage happened.

Magistrate—Have you been long in your master's service?

Robinson—Yes, Sir, many years; and in his Honour's father's service too.

Magistrate—And did you never try to drive before?

Robinson—No, your Worship, I was first of all book-keeper, and then I had to pay the men in *the yard* and look after the *corn bills*, and all that—and afterwards master set me up in the *Checquers*, and a prosperous time I had on't there.

Magistrate—And then you tried to better yourself?

Robinson—Yes, sure, that was he; I thought driving would be good for my health, of which I am particularly careful at all times.

Magistrate—Pray now, Robinson, speaking of health did not your dispute with your master arise about some allowance of spirits in bad weather?

Robinson—Why, I believe I *did* say, your Worship that I thought he ought to make me an allowance of *Hollands*.

Magistrate—I thought you said you were careful of your health, and I am sure that could do you no good—was that all you haggled about?.

Robinson—I can't say as how it was your Worship—we don't, some how, live comfortable, in the yard, and I'm all for a quiet life; and I know'd about Christmas time, the coach would be loaded with *turkey* baskets, and I did not like such a cargo; and so I said to Sly-boots.

Magistrate—Who is Sly-boots?

Robinson—His name is George, only we calls him Sly-boots, for shortness.

Magistrate—What other name has he?

Robinson—Tierney, your Worship; and he and one Petty, which is a new servant, is always a quarrelling; and if Tierney speaks sharp to Petty, saving your Worship's presence, he swears he'll take the *Broom* to him; and it is not pleasant, by no means, living in that 'ere state of fantigue.

Magistrate—Has Petty been long in the yard?

Robinson—Master hired him to stay at home and take care of the office, when I took to driving—he has been in service afore, but they don't trust him to drive now, because when he did drive, he *ris* all the fares nearly double what they was ven he first came to us.

Magistrate—Are you aware that your master has been put to considerable inconvenience by your absenting yourself?

Robinson—I'm sure I'm wery sorry to ill convenience any gemman, your worship, but its better for me to go afore any wery bad accident happens—I did recommend him a steady chap to take my place, and master sent for him, and offered to set him up in the *Star and Garter*, as well as let him drive, but he would not *handle the ribbands*, and so it all blowed over.

Magistrate—Why did you recommend that person without knowing whether he would take the place?

Robinson—I knew he had always been an uncommon good *Rider*. your Worship, so I thought he might like to drive; but truth is the team master has got don't draw well together; and so I told him.

Magistrate—Don't you think, Robinson, you had better go back to your place?

Robinson—Just as your Worship pleases—one of my fellow-servants did go back after quitting.

Magistrate—Who is he?

Robinson—Old Nick, please your Worship—what drives the *Bexley Van*.

Magistrate—Do you know Ben Tinck?

Robinson—I do, sir—a Dutch lad—he is now in sarvice abroad.

Magistrate—D'ye think he would do for coachman?

Robinson—He may, your Worship, for all I know—some of his family did drive once, but whether it were his father or his mother, I can'ot rightly recollect.

Magistrate—That is, you don't recollect whether it was a mail coachwoman or a female coachman?

Robinson—He, he, he,—he, he!

Magistrate—Do you know Ward?

Robinson—Which Ward, your Worship?

Magistrate—Jack Ward.

Robinson—Oh, the Dudley boy—Yes, your Worship, and a sharp clever lad he be.

Magistrate—Would he do to drive?

Robinson—I rather think as how he would n't, your Worship—he did belong to the Opposition, but when that consarn failed, he comed over to the Crown, to master. I believe he has given warning your Worship. His father has left him a lump of money, and he don't uuderstand *out of doors work* much, and I believe he is a going as fast as he can.

Magistrate—Well now, Robinson, I have been consulting with Sir Richard here; we don't wish to be hard upon you; will you go back to your place till your master is suited?

Robinson—I've no objection whatsumever provided always, your Worship, that I am let to go before the Sessions, which begins the 22nd of next month.

Magistrate—Why, you are not afraid or ashamed of anything you have done, Robinson?

Robinson—Both, and please your Worship—I never meant wrong; but things have all gone wrong, and the sooner I get to *rest* the better pleased I shall be.

Magistrate—But, if your master should not get a servant he can trust?

Robinson—Why then, sur, master must get a coach as will go by steam; it would be the making of Squire Lambton, your Worship—and as for hot water, the Oppsition will keep 'um in that.

Magistrate—Robinson, you are a wag.

Robinson—Your Worship is the first gemman as ever was pleased to say so.

Magistrate—Well, will you go back for the present?

Robinson—Why, sur, it's of no use, for I cannot neither drive nor *lead* without fear of accident; but if you will please to speak to master I have no objection to stay over Christmas with him; but I won't go and be badgered up at the Sessions.

Magistrate—Go your way then, Robinson, and we'll see what can be done for you.

Robinson. Good morning, your Worship, and thank you.

Robinson left the office; and we believe has arranged to remain in his present place for a few days, untill his master is suited.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 28 June, 2017

vessels going up the river. On Tuesday night the river was therefore sounded at low water, and it was found that the depth over the spot where the water entered the Tunnel, was no more than five feet, instead of about thirteen; and that round about this elevation, which was of some considerable extent, the water was about twelve feet deep. It is calculated that about 2000 tons of ballast have been sunk. The matter having been discussed in the Committee, the Lord Mayor said that he should make further inquiry into the matter of complaint; and if he ascertained that there was any serious obstruction in so important a spot as the very middle of the river, he should take care to issue the necessary instructions.—*Feb.* 9.

Lord Liverpool.—The recent introduction of Lord Liverpool's name in a debate has revived curosity with respect to his Lordship's state. His Lordship is, we believe, now less affected by the fearful attack which necessarily removed him from his situation than the public generally, or certainly than we, had conceived. So far from being in a state "almost totally unconscious of what is passing around him," his Lordship is too much alive to all occurrences, even of a minute nature; his mental faculties are very little, if at all, impaired: indeed, had his Lordship the power of pronouncing appropriate words to express his ideas, there is no doubt but his mind would appear as sound and clear as ever. He is not without the power or inclination of amusing himself—reading and being read to for two hours or more at a time, occasionally marking with a pencil particular passages. His Lordship's bodily strength is very good, having the perfect use of all his limbs, and being able to walk with a firm, equal, and upright step, for an hour or more at a time, without inducing that fatigue as to make him desirous of lying down.

Seaman's Hospital Society.—The annual meeting of the subscribers took place on Wednesday at the Society's house in Bishopsgate-street. It appeared from the report, that since its establishment in 1821, medical aid had been extended to nearly 9000 distressed seamen of whom 2,736 were relieved within the past year. To meet an annual expenditure of upwards of 4,100*l.* the Society is only in the receipt of 1,300*l.* in annual subscriptions, and the interest on 2,700*l.* three per cents.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

London Institution.—We formerly announced that the managers of this Institution intended to prepare the Library and Theatre for a *Soirèe or Conversazione*. This intention was put into execution on Wednesday evening last; and was attended with complete success, there being nearly five hundred persons present. Tea and other refreshments were provided at an early hour; and the doors of of the library thrown open at seven o'clock, for the display of a large collection of novel inventions and specimens of improvements. At eight o'clock the company adjourned to the Theatre, when a Lecture illustrated by experiments, was delivered by Mr. Partington. Among the numerous visitors we observed Colonel Colby, Mr. Pepys, Dr. Birkbeck, and several members of the various learned societies.

Poems. By Thomas Gent. T. Cadell. 1828.

We have just had the pleasure of glancing at a presentation copy of this very agreeable and clever volume. We have no space for criticism; but cannot avoid the temptation of giving our readers a Poem full of liveliness, wit, and good-humoured satire:

1827; or the poet's last poem.

Ye Bards in all your thousand dens,
Great souls with fewer pence than pens,
Sublime adorers of Apollo,
With folios full and purses hollow,;
Whose very souls with rapture glisten,
When you can find a fool to listen;
Who, if a debt were paid by pun,
Would never be completely *done*.
Ye bright inhabitants of garrets,
Whose dreams are rich in ports and clarets,
Who, in your lofty paradise,
See aldermanic banquets rise—
And though the duns around you troop,
Still float in seas of turtle soup.
I here forsake the tuneful trade,
Where none but lordlings now are paid,
Or, where some northern rogue sits puling,
(The curse of universal schooling)—
A ploughman to his country lost,
An author to his printer's cost—
A slave to every man who'll buy him,
A knave to every man who'll try him—
Yet let him take the pen, at once
The laurel gathers round his sconce!

On every subject superseded,
My favourite topics all invaded,
I scarcely dip my pen in praise,
When fifty hardlings grasp my bays;
Or let me touch a drop of satire,
(I once knew something of the matter),
Just fifty hardlings take the trouble
To be my tuneful worship's double.
Fine similes that nothing fit,
Joe Miller's, that *must* pass for wit;
The dull, dry, brain-besieging jok s,
The humour that no laugh provokes—
The nameless, worthless, witless rancours
The rage that souls of scribblers cankers—
(Administer'd in gall so thick,
It makes even Sunday critics sick!)
Disgust my passion, fill my place,
And snatch my prize before my face.

If then I take the "brilliant" pen,
And "scorning measures," talk of men—
There Luttrel steps 'twixt me and fame—
So like, egad, we're just the same;
I never half squeeze out a thought,
But jumps its fellow on the spot—
My tenderest dreams, my fondest touch,
Are victims to his ready clutch;
The whirling waltz, the gay costume,
The porcelain tooth, the gallic bloom;
The vapid smiles, the lisping loves
Of turtles (never meant for doves)—
The dreary stuff that fills the ears,
Where *all* the orators are peers—
The hides reveal'd through ball-room dresses,
Where all the parties are peer-esses;
The dulness of the *toujours gai*,
The yawning night, the sleepy day,
The visages of cheese and chalk,
The drowsy, dreamy, languid talk;
The fifty other horrid things,
That strip old Time of both his wings!
There's not a topic of them all
But comes, hey presto! at *his* call.

Or when I turn my pen to love,
A theme that fits me like my glove,
A pang I've borne these twenty years
With ten-times twenty several dears,
Each glance a dart, each smile a quiver,
Stinging their bard from lungs to liver—
To work my ruin, or my cure,
Up starts thy pen, Anacreon Moore!
In vain I pour my shower of roses,
On which the matchless fair one dozes,
And plant around her coach the Graces,
While jealous Venus breaks her laces,
To see a younger face promoted,
To see her own old face out-voted;
And myrtle branches twisting o'er her,
Bow'd down, each turn'd a true adorer.
Up starts the Irish bard—in vain
I write, 'tis all against the grain:
In vain I talk of smiles or sighs,
The girls all have him in their eyes;
And not a soul—mamma, or miss—
But vows he's the sole Bard of Bliss!

Since first I dipp'd in the romantic,
A hundred thousand have run frantic—
There's not a hideous highland spot,
(Long fallowed to the core by Scott)—
No rill, through rack and thistle dribbling,
But has its deadlier crop of scribbling.
Each fen, and flat, and flood, and fell,
Gives birth to verses by the ell—
There Wordsworth, for his music's sallies
Claims all the ponds, the lanes, and alleys—
There Coleridge swears none else shall tune
A bag-pipe to the list'ning moon;
One come in clouds the scribbling columns,
Each prowling for his next three volumes.
I scorn the rascal tribe, and spurn all
The yearly, monthly, and diurnal.

I write the finest things that ever
Made duchess fond, or marquis clever—
(Although I'd rather half turn Turk,
The thing's such monstrous up-hill work,)
My *ton's* the very cream of fashion,
My passion the sublimest passion;
My rage *satanic*, love the same,
Of all blue flames, the bluest flame.—
My piety perpetual matins,
A Quaker propp'd on double pattens;
My lovely girls the most precocious,
My beans delightfully atrocious!
Yet scarcely have I play'd my card,
When up comes politician Ward,
Before my face he trumps my trump,
Sweeps off my honours in the lump,
And never asking my permission,
Talks sermons to the third edition.

Or Boulogne, Highway Eyeway, Grattan,
(The Pyrenees begin to flatten,
A feast denied to storm and shower,
The pen's the wonder-working power;)
Or Smith, the master of "Addresses,"
Carves history out in modern messes;—
Tells how gay Charles cook'd up his collops
How fleeced his friends, how paid his trollops—
How pledged his soul, and pawned his oath,
'Till none would give a straw for both;
And touching paupers for the Evil,
Touch'd England half-way to the devil.
Or Hook, picks up my favourite hits,
For when was friendship between wits?
Or Lyster, doubly dandyfied,
Fidgets his donkey by my side;
Or Bulwer rambles back from Greece,
Woolgathering from the Golden fleece—
Or forty volumes, piping hot,
Come blazing from volcano Scott;
When pens like their's play all my game,
The tasteless world must bear the blame.

I had a budget, full of fun,
But here again, I'm lost, undone!
I'm so forestall'd---that faith, I could
Half quarrel with---my *lively Hood*;
For *odd it is*, my "Oddities"
Are *even* all the same with his;
Would *Sherwood* (him of Paternoster)
Ass st my pilferings to foster,
I'd turn freebooter---nay, I would
E'en play the part of *robbing Hood*,—
But brother Wits should never quarrel,
Nor try to "pluck each other's laurel,"
And though my income's scarce enough
To find friend Petersham with snuff,

Here's peace to all! and kind regards!
And *Brother Hood* among the Bards.
So all, friends, countrymen, and lovers,
With one, or one and twenty covers,
Farewell to all;---my glories past,
I pen my lay, my sweetest, last!
Another Phœnix, build my nest
Of spices Phœbus' very best,
Concentrating in these gay pages,
Wit worth the wit of all the stages;
Love, tender as the midnight talk,
In softest summer's midnight walk,
With leave to all earth's fools to spurn'em,
Nay (if they first will *buy*) to burn'em.

The Sphynx January.—5.

MESSRS. HORACE AND JAS. SMITH, AUTHORS OF THE REJECTED ADDRESSES.

The publication of Mr. Leigh Hunt's Work on 'Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries,' being delayed for a day or two, we still defer our review; and, in the mean time confine ourselves to extract. Perhaps we cannot gratify our readers more than by quoting some of the pages that refer to Messrs. Horace and James Smith, the witty and well known authors of the 'Rejected Addresses.

'Of James Smith, a fair stout, fresh-coloured man, with round features, I recollect little, except that he used to read to us trim verses. The best of his verses are in the Rejected Addresses; and they are excellent. Isaac Hawkins Browne with his Pipe of Tobacco, and all the rhyming *jeux-d'esprit* in all the tracts, are extinguished in the comparison; not excepting the Probationary Odes. Mr. Fitzgerald finds himself bankrupt in *non-sequiturs*; Crabbe knoweth not which is which, himself or his parodist; and Lord Byron confessed to me, [illegible] the summing up his philosophy, [illegible] wit, that

"Nought is every thing, and every thing [illegible]

was very posing. Mr. Smith would [illegible] times repeat after dinner, with h[illegible] Horace, an imaginary dialogue, stuffed [illegible] incongruities, that made us roll with [illegible] His ordinary verses and prose are [illegible] of the ridicule of city pretensions. [illegible] superior to any thing, it should not always be running in one's head.

'His brother Horace was delicious. Lord Byron used to say, that this epithet should be applied only to eatables; and that he wondered a friend of his, who was critical in matters of eating, should use it in any other sense. I know not what the present usage may be in the circles; but classical authority is against his Lordship, from Cicero downwards; and I am content with the modern warrant of another noble wit, the famous Lord Peterborough, who in his fine, open way, said of Fenelon, that he was such a "delicious creature," he was forced to get away from him, "else he would have made him pious"! I grant there is something in the word delicious, which may be said to comprise a reference to every species of pleasant taste. It is at once a quintessence and a miscellany; and a friend, to deserve the epithet, ought to be capable of delighting us as much over our wine and fruit, as on graver occasions. Fenelon himself could do this, with all his piety; or rather he could do it because his piety was of the true sort, and relished of every thing that was sweet and affectionate. The modesty of my friend Horace Smith (which is a manly one, and has no hectic pretensions to what it deprecates) will pardon me this reference to a greater name. He must allow me to add, at some hazard of disturbing him, that a finer nature, except in one instance, I never was acquainted with in man; nor even in that instance, all circumstances considered, have I a right to say that those who knew him as intimately as I did the other person, would not have had the same reasons to love him. The friend I speak of had a very high regard for Mr. Horace Smith, as may be seen by the following verses, the initials in which the reader has now the pleasure of filling up:

"Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in H. S."

'Mr. Horace Smith differed with Mr. Shelley on some points; but on others which all the world agree to praise highly and to practice very little, he agreed so entirely, and showed so unequivocally that he did agree, that (with the exception of one person (V.N.) too diffident to gain such an honour from his friends) they were the only two men I ever knew, from whom I could receive advice or remonstrance with perfect comfort, because I could be sure of the unmixed motives and entire absence of self-reflection, with which it would come from them.* M. Shelley said to me once, "I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes: I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow; but is it not odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker! And he writes, poetry too," continued Mr. Shelley, his voice rising in a fervour of astonishment; "he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it and is still generous!" Mr. Shelley had reason to like him. Horace Smith was one of the few men, who, through a cloud of detraction, and through all that difference of conduct from the rest of the world, which naturally excites obloquy, discerned the greatness of my friend's character. Indeed, he became a witness to the very unequivocal proof of it, which I mentioned elsewhere. The mutual esteem was accordingly very great, arose from circumstances most honourable to both parties. "I believe," said Mr. Shelley on another occasion "that I have only to say to Horace Smith that I want a hundred pounds or two, and he would send it me without any eye to its being returned; such faith has he that I have something within me beyond what the world suppose, and that I could only ask his money for a good purpose." And he would have sent for it accordingly, if the person for whom it was intended had not said nay. I will now mention the circumstances which first gave my friend a regard for Mr. Smith. It concerns the person just mentioned, who is a man of letters. It came to Mr. Smith's knowledge, some years ago, that this person was suffering bitterly under a pecuniary trouble. He knew little of him at the time, but had met him occasionally; and he availed himself of this circumstance to write him a letter, as full of delicacy and cordiality as it could hold, making it a matter of grace to accept a bank-note of 100*l.*, which he inclosed. I speak on the best authority, that of the obliged person himself; who adds, that he not only did accept the money, but felt as light and happy under the obligation, as he has felt miserable under the very report of being obliged to some; and he says, that nothing could induce him to withhold his name, but a reason which the generous would excuse. From his friends, in private, he has no reason to conceal it, and he does not, as I can testify and there is one thing more which he says he will conceal from nobody; which is, that subsequently to that obligation, he incurred others from the friend in question, which not only taxed his friend's kindness, but his patience; and that, notwithstanding these trials, the other was still so generous to discern in him what was well-intentioned, from what was badly managed, and has retained to this hour so kind an opinion of him, that he never makes a step in better management (for his slow progress in which he has had more excuses than most people, in sickness, temperament, and a total want of education for it,) but he is accompanied, and assisted, with the hope of pleasing him, before long, with the sight of the fruits of it. Such friends, and such only, (including those whose wish to act like them is as unequivocal as their inability,) are the friends that do a man all the good that can be done him, because they are not only generous to his virtues, but as humane to his faults as other people are to their own. For my part, I scarcely ever write a page which the public thinks worth reading, and which they like because it serves to keep them in heart with nature and mankind, but Horace Smith is one of those friends whom I fancy myself talking with, and whom I wish to gratify. It is such as he that a humanist would have the world become, and that furnish a proof that the wish is not founded in impossibility. Swift said, that if the world contained a dozen Arbuthnots, he would burn his books. I am convinced that the world contains hundreds of Arbuthnots, if education would but do their natures, justice. Give me the education of a community, in which mutual help instead of selfish rivalry was the principle inculcated, and riches regarded not as the end, but the means; and I would undertake, not upon the strength of my own ability, but on the sole ground of the absence of what is at present taught us, to fill the place *full* of Arbuthnots and Horace Smiths; not, indeed, as to wit and talent, but with all their geniality, and sense and open-heartedness; with the same reasonableness of gain, and readiness of enjoyment.

'When Mr. Horace Smith sees this account of himself, he will think that too much has been said of his generosity; and he would be right, if society were constituted otherwise than it is. Actions of this kind are not so common in trading communities as in others, because people learn to taste the value of every sixpence that passes through their hands. And for the same reason they are more extravagantly admired, sometimes with a fatuity of astonishment, sometimes with an envy that seeks relief in sarcasm. All these excesses of homage are painful to a man who would fain have every body as natural and generous as himself; but the just tribute must not be withheld on that account, otherwise there would be still fewer counteractions to the selfishness so abundantly taught us. At the period in question, I have said that Mr. Smith was a stockbroker. He left business with a fortune, and went to live in France, where, if he did not increase, he did not seriously diminish it; and France added to the pleasant stock of his knowledge.

'On returning to England, he set about exerting himself in a manner equally creditable to his talents and interesting to the public. I will not insult either the modesty or the understanding of Mr. Horace Smith, by comparing him with the author of "Old Mortality" and "Guy Mannering;" but I will venture to say, that the earliest of his novels, "Brambletye House," ran a hard race with the novel of "Woodstock," and that it contained more than one character not unworthy of the best volumes of Sir Walter. I allude to the ghastly trouble of the Regicide in his lone house; the outward phlegm, and merry inward malice, of Winky Boss, (a happy name,) who gravely smoked a pipe with his mouth, and laughed with his eyes; and, above all, to the character of the princely Dutch merchant, who would cry out that he should be ruined, at seeing a few nutmegs dropped from a bag, and would then go and give a thousand ducats for an antique. This is hitting the high mercantile character to a nicety,—minute and careful in its means, princely in its ends. If the ultimate effect of commerce (*permulti transibunt, &c.*) were not something very different from what its pursuers imagine, the character would be a dangerous one to society at large, because it throws a gloss over the spirit of money-getting, which, in a thousand instances to one, is a debasing spirit; but, meanwhile, nobody, could paint it better, or has a right to recommend it more than he who has been the first to make it a handsome portrait.

'The personal appearance of Mr. Horace Smith, like that of all the individuals I ever met with, is highly indicative of his character. His figure is good and manly, inclining to the robust; and his countenance extremely frank and cordial, sweet without weakness. I have been told he is irascible: if so, his city training is in fault, not he. He has not a jot of it in his appearance.'

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* With all his vagaries, I must add Mr. Hazlitt, who is quite capable, when he chooses, of giving genuine advice, and making you sensible of his disinterestedness. Mr. Lamb could do it too; but for interference of any sort he has an abhorrence.

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